

Potters Bones

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A/N: Ships - Harry Potter, Susan Bones and Hermione Granger

This fiction is an AU Harry Potter story taking place after Harry's 5th year. JKR's story is only occasionally background. Rating is Mature.

Chapter 1: Summer Holidays

Harry was abandoned once again at his relatives place in Little Winging. Sighing, he made his way up the stairs with his trunk to the smallest bedroom.

'This is getting old really fast,' he thought. 'I hate it here, Dumbledore could have done something about my relatives if he wanted to, but noo, you have to go back to them Harry, it's for your own protection. Bollocks!'

Lying back on his lumpy mattress, Harry contemplated his just completed school year. Sirius was dead! His friends were hurt and he now knew why Voldemort was after him. The prophesy revealed to him by Dumbledore stated:

The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches ...

born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies ...

and the Dark Lord will mark him as equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not ...

and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives ...

the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies...

'How am I supposed to defeat him? He almost killed me the last time we met. It's just by luck that I escaped. My friends... How can I even face them again after what happened? I need to get away from here.'

Harry stood and listened. The house was quiet, his great oaf of an uncle could be heard snoring loudly. Dudley was staying with his friend Piers Polkiss and Aunt Petunia was also likely asleep.

He had let Hedwig out to hunt earlier. She would find him wherever he was. Quietly sneaking down the stairs with his trunk, he opened the front door. It was a cloudy night and he could hear a soft snore coming from behind a nearby bush. Mundungus Fletcher must be on guard duty tonight. Harry grinned to himself. 'Dung was the least reliable member of the Order assigned to keep an eye on Harry. They must have figured that Harry would stay at home like a good little boy. 'Well, I've got news for them, I've had it with their manipulations! I can't protect my friends properly, so I'm giving them a chance to live by leaving. Without me to attract Voldemort, they'll be able to lead normal lives.'

Carefully walking up the street, Harry was a couple of blocks away when he stuck out his wand, summoning the Knight Bus.

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The next morning, Tonks relieved Mundungus.

"Everything okay 'Dung?" she asked.

"Yeh, quiet as a church mouse them is."

"Quiet? That doesn't sound right. The Dursley's usually yell at Harry first thing. I'd better check."

Walking to the door at Number 4 Privet Drive, Tonks knocked. Vernon answered the door, peering at a young woman with bright pink hair.

"Go away, we don't want any weirdo's..."

That was as far as he got, as Tonks stuck a wand in his throat.

“Where’s Harry?” she growled menacingly.

Vernon blustered, trying to get the upper hand, “Now see here, you’re trespassing, I could have you arrested...”

“I asked you a question tubby!” Tonks had shoved her wand deeper, causing Vernon to lose his courage.

“H-he’s gone. D-don’t k-know where. Petunia looked for him this morning but he’d left. Took all his stuff with him. Good riddance if you ask me.”

“You idiot! The wards needed to be recharged here. Harry’s presence was the only thing protecting you three. As long as he could call this place home, you all would be safe. If I were you, I’d get out of here as fast as I could. This place won’t be safe by tonight. The wards are already weakening.”

There was a loud clanging sound and the house shook. The wards were already coming down.

“Get out NOW!” Tonks yelled. “Get your family and leave!”

“What a load of tosh. This is my house, we’re not going anywhere.”

“You stupid muggle! She yelled. “Don’t you understand? You’ll be killed if you stay.”

At that moment, multiple pops could be heard as a dozen Death Eaters apparated to the front lawn. Tonks retreated, rapidly firing spells at the dark hooded figures. She knew she was outnumbered, and grabbing ‘Dung, disappeared. She knew it was too late to save them.

Vernon ran in the house and locked the door.

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Albus was sipping tea in his office when one of his silver instruments sent a black jet of smoke into the air, startling the Headmaster. Carefully examining the instrument, he then called his longtime friend and Deputy Headmistress Minerva McGonagall.

“Minerva! The wards protecting Harry’s home have fallen! Who’s on duty guarding him?”

“Nymphadora Tonks, Albus. She just took over from Mundungus Fletcher. Albus, how could this be? Those were blood wards, they wouldn’t collapse unless Harry...” she gasped, “is no longer there,” she whispered.

The floo flared and Tonk’s face appeared. “Headmaster! Harry’s place was just attacked by a dozen Death Eaters! Harry’s left, I don’t know when or where. ‘Dung and I barely escaped. I think Voldemort was there. I’m afraid the Dursley’s didn’t make it out. Vernon told me that Harry was gone when they arose this morning.”

“I need you to go back there and check, Nymphadora,” Albus commanded. “Check for anything Harry may have left behind. A note, anything.”

“Yes, Albus,” and Tonks head disappeared from the green flames.

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Meanwhile, Harry was far away, having taken the Knight Bus to the Leaky Cauldron and walked to Gringotts. Entering the wizard bank, Harry waited patiently in line until a goblin motioned him aside.

“Mr. Potter, if you will follow me please.”

Harry recognized the goblin as Griphook; the same goblin that greeted him many years ago on his first trip to Gringotts. Following the goblin, they came to a heavy polished oak door inlaid with gold runes.

Griphook opened the door and bade him enter. An old goblin sat at an impressive desk. Carved from a solid piece of gut rock, it was a

reddish colour, inlaid with precious stones. Harry recognized rubies and emeralds and what must have been a huge diamond set in front.

“Ah, Mr. Potter, or should I say Lord Potter, we meet at last,” the old goblin greeted. “My name is Ragnok, I am the director of Gringotts, and I welcome you. As the largest depositor at our bank, it is my duty to introduce you to your account manager. Since Griphook has maintained your parents account for many years, I would like to suggest he continue the post. You, of course, may request a new account manager if you feel that Griphook has not performed satisfactorily.

Harry could only gape. He had no idea that he deserved his own account manager, much less that he apparently was their largest account. Managing to regain his voice, he bowed and thanked Ragnok. “I had no idea that my account was large enough to deserve this attention. I’ve never received a statement, and just assumed that my vault 687 was all I had. And why are you referring to me as Lord Potter? Please. Just Harry will be fine.”

“Then Harry, since you are the last of the Potter line and have inherited your family’s vault, property and title, you are entitled to be addressed as Lord Potter. Your family is The Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter, therefore the title. You also have a hereditary seat on the Wizengamot, as well as the right to be emancipated. About your statements Harry, has not your Financial Guardian given them to you? You should be receiving them once a month.”

Startled, Harry’s mouth dropped again. He had no idea that he had a Financial Guardian, much less who it might be, but he had a suspicion. “And who is my Financial Guardian, Ragnok?”

“Albus Dumbledore appointed himself after your parents died,” Ragnok answered. “He should have kept you abreast of your holdings. To not do so, is a serious breach of wizarding law, not to mention that goblin law takes precedence in any case of banking irregularities. Mr. Dumbledore is in serious trouble if you wish to press charges!”

Harry groaned. Yet another interference in his life by the old man. Well, he was fed up with it! "Ragnok, can you summarize my holdings? I have no idea how much I'm worth."

"I'll have a statement prepared for you, detailing transactions and holdings. It may take awhile, since your vault is a large one and has been accruing interest for fifteen years. Your trust vault is a very minor part of what you own, Harry."

"Then there is the matter of Lord Black's will. It was due to be read next Monday. You are named as a beneficiary, so you will be required to attend."

"Lord Black? That would be Sirius Black?" Harry enquired.

"Indeed, Harry. The Black family also had extensive wealth, and a full accounting will be given at the reading of the will. Already you are the wealthiest wizard in Britain. If Lord Black has added to that wealth..."

"I don't care! I'd rather have Sirius and my parents than all the money in the world!" Harry stated heatedly.

"I understand, Harry," Ragnok said gently. "To a goblin, family is everything, even above gold."

"Ragnok, I don't know where I'll be for the next two months. Can you provide a portkey to bring me back here when the will is read?"

"Certainly, Harry. And I would expect you might need a more convenient method of withdrawing money, so I've taken the liberty to provide you with a special Gringotts card. This will enable you to debit your account automatically without bothering to come here. I'll need a blood sample to key the card to you alone."

Harry held out his hand and a small prick drew a sample of blood from his index finger, transferring itself to the card, where it was immediately absorbed.

“Harry, this card is good throughout the world, both wizarding and muggle. I sense you may also need a passport to travel. I’ve also arranged that and you can pick it up from Griphook as you leave.

Bowing and thanking the director, Harry left the office. Griphook was waiting for him and handed him a passport. He noted that it had a wizarding picture of him on it.

“This passport will take you anywhere, Lord Potter. It will appear as a normal diplomatic passport to muggles, which should smooth your entry and exit from any country. A wizard will see the passport as a high level ministry official passport,” Griphook proclaimed. “Here is a timed portkey that will return you here for the reading of Lord Black’s will.”

A smile slowly worked its way across Harry’s face. He was now ready to disappear for a couple of months.

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Susan Bones was quietly enjoying a relaxing day at her Aunt Amelia’s place. Her parents had wanted her to accompany them on holiday to Switzerland and Susan had almost said she’d go, but at the last minute, changed her mind.

“Mum and Dad wanted to visit relatives in Lucerne and I found that boring. I told them I’d join them later in Interlaken,” she told her aunt.

Susan was a beautiful girl, with long blond hair done in a plait down her back. Over the years, she had developed quite nicely, with shapely legs, a prominent bust and a trim waist. Her face was one of her better features, with soft brown eyes and a pert nose. Many a boy at Hogwarts had succumbed to the beauty of the Hufflepuff, but she remained stoutly unattached.

“I love to have you visit, Susan. I see the family too little. I seem to be so busy at the Ministry these days, what with Voldemort back and all the attacks.”

"It's good to be able to relax Aunt Amelia, after the horrid year we had at school. Harry Potter suffered the most, losing his Godfather and being subjected to that terrible Umbridge woman all year. Thank goodness she's gone!"

Amelia knew that Susan had a crush on 'The Boy Who Lived' and decided to tease her a bit. "Oh, you and Harry? Do you see much of him?" She knew that Susan belonged to the DA and was always talking about Harry at home. Her sister told her that Susan talked constantly about Harry in her letters home.

Susan blushed a deep red, stuttering, "H-Harry and I are just f-friends, Aunt Amelia."

Amelia just grinned, amused that her niece seemed tongue tied at the mere mention of Harry.

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Hermione sat at home, worried about Harry. It seemed that her best friend had forgotten her. She was still recovering from the battle in the Department of Mysteries and the scar across her chest was only now starting to fade a bit. The potions that Madam Pomfrey provided helped the healing and she looked forward to the day when her full strength returned. Ron was still recovering from the attack by the brain that had grabbed him, and the others were also recovering slowly. Neville seemed to be the least harmed and had owled her today to see how she was. She was just sitting down to reply when there was a knock on the door. Professor McGonagall stood on the doorstep when she opened the door, a worried look on her face.

"Good afternoon Miss Granger. May I come in?"

"Certainly, Professor."

After guiding her to a seat in the family room, Hermione asked, "Is everything alright? You look worried."

"Miss Granger, Hermione... Have you heard from Harry?"

“N-no Professor. Is he all right? What’s happened. I expected Hedwig with a message by now.”

“I’m afraid Harry is missing. His relative’s house is destroyed and the Dursley’s are dead.”

Hermione’s hand flew to her mouth and she gasped. “H-Harry wasn’t there then?”

“No, he seems to have left quite a bit earlier. We thought he may have contacted you or Ron.”

A tear formed in Hermione’s eye. “No! He promised to keep in touch! Why didn’t he let anybody know? He must feel somehow responsible for what happened. We don’t blame him, we knew what we were doing, following him.”

“If you hear from him, you will let us know, won’t you,” McGonagall asked.

“Certainly, Professor,” Hermione replied absently, her mind turning over the possible places Harry would go.

“Albus is checking Gringotts, and I’ve already checked the Burrow and the other DA members homes. You were our best hope,” she sighed. “When Harry left, the blood wards fell and a dozen Death Eaters apparated there, including Voldemort, we think. They sealed the house and burned it to the ground. By the time the muggle firefighters arrived, there was nothing left except smoldering ashes and three bodies.”

Hermione was horrified. Her best friend could have been killed.

“Hermione, the reason the wards fell, was because Harry deliberately abandoned his home. That would have been the only reason. We have to find him.”

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Chapter 2: Escape

As soon as he left Gringotts, Harry realized he could be traced if he used his wand. "Well, that sucks," he murmured. "Somehow, I'll have to get another wand. Ollivander... no, that could still be traced. Hmm, how do Death Eaters get their spare wands?"

Harry walked a bit further in Diagon Alley until he spotted the entrance to Knockturn Alley. "I wonder..."

Venturing into the dark alley, Harry wandered until he spotted what he was looking for; a small wand shop. The shop had definitely seen better days. Cobwebs hung in the solitary small window and a dusty case held a battered looking wand. Entering the shop, a tiny wizard greeted him slyly.

"Looking for a special wand sir?" Then spotting Harry's scar, he gasped, "Mr. Potter! W-what are you doing here? Surely you don't need use of my services. Did you make a wrong turn? Ollivander's is back that way sir," he said, pointing back the way Harry had traveled.

"No sir, I need an untraceable wand for er, certain, um, projects I have in mind," Harry replied uneasily.

Winking at Harry, the wand maker searched through his stock. "Ah, try this one, it was 'retrieved' from a gentleman that, ah, had no further use for it."

"It's not from a Death Eater is it?" Harry enquired.

"No, no, the former owner met an unfortunate end recently and we noticed that it had no tracking charm on it. Give it a wave then."

Harry picked up the wand, an oak with Veela hair, ten and a half inches piece. The wand felt awkward, but did produce a suitable spray of sparks. The wand was not as good as his own, but probably acceptable.

"I'll take it, how much?"

“Fifty Galleons, the wizard spoke firmly.”

“A bit pricy, considering it’s in rather poor shape,” Harry stated.

After a bit of hard bargaining, Harry left with the wand.

His next stop was a luggage shop in Diagon Alley. Harry’s own trunk was bulky and heavy and he wanted something easier to carry. Walking into the shop, the clerk recognized Harry, and quickly made his way over to him.

“Mr. Potter, what can I do for you? I see you already have a trunk.”

“This is my old school trunk and is a bit bulky. Do you have a magical trunk that I can shrink?”

“I think I have just the thing for you,” the clerk replied. “This model will hold anything you could ever want and has seven compartments. Tapping the lock will seal it and shrink it to fit in your pocket. Just the thing for a busy traveler. May I show you some of the features?”

“Yes, I think so. This might be just what I need.”

“The compartments are warded to prevent theft and unauthorized entry. You can set each compartment to what you want. The largest compartment can even be used as a self contained flat, although I wouldn’t recommend it. The chance that you could be caught unawares when you exit the trunk...”

Harry decided that the trunk was more than adequate for his needs and purchased it, having the clerk add a few extra charms to it.

Leaving Diagon Alley, he made his way to a local travel agency in London proper. After that he found a quality men’s clothing store and purchased a new wardrobe.

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Susan was ready to join her parents in Interlaken Switzerland. Saying goodbye to her aunt, she decided to travel as a muggle. She hated to

travel by portkey, although it was better than most muggle forms of transport. Voldemort was out there, and she didn't feel completely safe in the wizarding world at the moment.

Her best friend, Hannah Abbot, wanted her to visit with her parents, but Susan wanted to get away from anything related to school for the summer. The only concession she made was to take her school books with her.

Making her way to Heathrow Airport, she dreamed again about her favourite wizard. Harry had been in her dreams for several years now, but she held no hope of forming a relationship with him. After all, he seemed to hang around Hermione and Ginny most of the time. Cho also had her eye out for him, as did most of the girls at Hogwarts. Harry was considered a prize catch for any girl. Those dreamy green eyes and messy hair that just asked to have a girl's hands run through it. She sighed. 'Harry, you drive me crazy', she thought.

At that moment, Harry was also traveling to the airport, lost in thought. 'It'll do me good to get away from everyone for awhile. I'll see them all again in September. Maybe by then, they'll forgive me for dragging them into that mess.'

Harry still felt guilty about how Voldemort had tricked him, causing Sirius' death and serious injury to his friends. So engrossed in his thoughts, Harry walked right into a young girl as he entered the line up to check in at the counter.

"Oof!" the girl grunted, falling on her bum.

Harry started to apologise, when he recognised the girl. "Susan!" he exclaimed. "I'm so sorry, I wasn't paying attention. Please forgive me! What are you doing here?"

Susan was so startled at seeing Harry, that she stuttered a reply. "H-Harry, um... w-what are you doing h-here?"

"My question first," he smirked, helping her to her feet.

"I-I'm joining my parents on holiday," she managed.

“Well, I’m taking a much needed break from my bloody relatives. Dumbledore figures he can treat me like mushrooms. You know, keep me in the dark and feed me shit. Sorry for the language, but right now I’m right ticked off with our beloved Headmaster.”

“Harry! What has he done?”

“He’s been dicking me around for years, not telling me about my inheritance was the last straw. I went to Gringotts today and found out a lot. I’ll tell you about it sometime.”

As the line slowly moved to the check in counter, Harry and Susan companiably talked, Susan beginning to relax in Harry’s presence, and Harry getting to know the pretty Hufflepuff a bit more. Soon they were at the counter.

“May I see your ticket please? the woman asked Susan. “Ah, I see you’re booked on our 7 o’clock flight to Zurich with a connecting flight to Lucern. Do you have any luggage?”

“Just carry on,” Susan replied, “My parents have my luggage with them.”

“Just follow the signs to your gate then,” the woman stated.

Harry then stepped up to the counter, thinking, ‘Odd, that’s where I’m going, what a coincidence.’ “Susan, wait! It seems that we’ll be traveling together.” Addressing the woman at the counter, Harry requested a seat with Susan, thinking he might as well enjoy the trip with a pleasant friend.

The woman grinned, seeing a budding romance in the making.

Catching up with Susan, they walked to the departure lounge. A Swissair short haul aircraft had just landed and was being refueled. Feeling hungry, Harry asked Susan if she was as well. “We have a couple of hours to kill, Are you hungry?”

“Is there anything decent to eat here, Harry?”

“Well, it looks like a decent restaurant across the way, what do you say? My treat.”

“Oh, Harry, you don’t need to...”

“But I’d like to Susan,” Harry interrupted. “I don’t get to take a pretty girl out to dinner everyday, you know,” Harry smirked.

Susan blushed a pretty pink at the complement. “Thanks Harry.” ‘Is he flirting with me?’ she thought. ‘Merlin he’s sexy.’

They entered the restaurant and found a table. Harry ordered a light salad and the house special, which turned out to be grilled lobster in a wine sauce.

Susan thought that sounded good and ordered the same.

After an excellent meal, they returned to the departure lounge to await their flight.

After boarding the aircraft and settling in their seats, Harry engaged Susan in conversation. He was wondering about her final destination.

“Oh, my parents are picking me up in Lucerne and we’re taking the train to Interlaken.”

“Interlaken, just exactly where is that? My travel agent recommended Brienz. I think that’s at the end of the lake.”

“Oh, Interlaken is between Lake Brienz and Lake Thun. Brienz isn’t too far from Interlaken, about 17 km as the crow flies. Do you have a place there?”

“Yes, My travel agent booked me into the Grandhotel Giessbach.”

“Ooh, I hear that’s a really nice hotel,” Susan enthused. “Really expensive too,” she added quietly.

“Well, since my account manager at Gringotts made me aware of my finances, I don’t think I’ll worry too much about that.”

‘Harry sure has changed lately, He seems much more self assured and Merlin, those clothes look good on him.’ she thought.

Harry, meanwhile was sneaking glances at the girl beside him. ‘When had Susan become so beautiful? Those school robes certainly hid a lot. How did I miss seeing how she’s developed? Maybe I can get to know her better this summer,’ he thought.

“Susan, um, how long are you staying in Interlaken?”

“Well, my parents have reservations for a month in Interlaken, and then we’re supposed to fly to Austria for a week and then to the French Alps. Dad has the summer off from work, so we’ve decided to travel through the Alps. How long are you staying, Harry?” she asked hesitantly. Maybe she could find a way to spend that time with Harry.

“Oh, I haven’t decided yet. I needed to get away after... you know...”

“I haven’t really heard much about what happened, Harry. Just that your Godfather died. I’m really sorry. It must be devastating for you,” she whispered.

“Thanks Susan, but I’d really like to forget about it for awhile,” he replied quietly.

As the plane climbed to its cruising altitude, Harry reclined and closed his eyes, reliving those horrible moments in the DoM. It made him sick to remember how stupidly he’d been to be fooled by Voldemort. He not only lost his Godfather, but imperiled his friends. He swore he wouldn’t allow that to happen again.

Susan closed her eyes, trying to forget that she was beside the man she had dreamed of for years. She would make every effort to shut him out of her mind. Harry deserved so much more than she could offer. It was useless though, all she could see were his emerald eyes and that sexy smile he had when something caught his fancy. Just a

little quirk of his lips and she melted. 'Oooh! This was going to be hard,' she thought.

The flight was smooth until they entered the Alps. The aircraft took a sudden bounce and the seatbelt sign came on. "Passengers will please buckle up their seatbelts," came the captain's voice. "We've encountered a bit of rough weather, but it should be over shortly. We will be climbing above it, so just relax."

Susan had grabbed Harry and hung onto his arm like a vice.

"Relax Susan, it's just like riding a broom. In fact it's better, at least you can't fall off in here," Harry joked.

"I-I h-hate flying Harry. Mum insisted, since she didn't trust portkeys, now that Voldemort is back."

"Relax Sue, I'll make sure nothing happens," Harry assured her soothingly.

Sure enough, the ride smoothed out, and soon they began their decent into Zurich.

They waited for their short connecting flight to Lucerne, talking quietly.

Arriving in Lucerne, Susan looked around for her parents. Not seeing them, she grew worried. "Harry, Mum and Dad were supposed to meet me here. I don't see them."

"Will miss Susan Bones, go to the courtesy telephone. Miss Susan Bones," the announcer said.

Walking to the courtesy telephone, she picked it up and answered. "This is Susan Bones." Listening for a minute, she looked at Harry with a confused expression.

"Harry, they want me to go to the security office. Can you come with me?"

"Sure Susan, did they say what it was about?"

“Something about my parents, I didn’t really understand.”

Escorting Susan to the office, they entered and reported to the officer on duty.

“I’m Susan Bones, I was asked to report here; something about my parents?”

“And this gentleman is?” the officer enquired.

“This is my friend Harry Potter, I asked him to accompany me.”

“Miss Bones, I’m afraid I have bad news. There’s been an accident in the mountains. Your parents were both killed, I’m sorry.”

Susan froze! She managed to squeak. “K-k-killed? There m-must be s-some mistake.”

“I’m sorry, Miss Bones, they were found this morning by rescue dogs. There was an avalanche; they didn’t have a chance at that altitude. The mountain snow pack is very unstable at this time of year.”

“Harry!” she wailed. “What will I do? M-my parents, they...” But she couldn’t continue, sobbing into Harry’s chest.

He held her tightly, his arms around her until her sobs receded. Producing a handkerchief, Harry dabbed at her eyes, soothing her with a soft voice. “It’s alright Susan, shh. I’ll take care of you. You can stay with me while we get this sorted out. Let’s catch that train to Brienz and we can come back tomorrow to sort out the details.”

A fresh wave of tears wracked her, as she clung tightly to Harry. Harry guided her to a taxi for the short ride to the train station. The ride to Brienz was a sad affair. Susan clung to Harry as if afraid he would suddenly disappear, leaving her alone in a foreign country. Harry, for his part, tried to comfort her, assuring her that he would stay and take care of her.

Arriving at the Grandhotel Giessbach, Harry checked in, requesting a connecting room for Susan. Fortunately, they had a very nice pair of rooms, that could be opened up to make a suite.

After their travel bags were brought to their suite, Harry bade Susan goodnight, putting the distraught girl to bed.

"I'll be right next door if you need anything Susan," he assured her.

"G-goodnight Harry. You're a great friend. I don't know what I'd do without you."

Goodnight Susan, we'll sort this out in the morning."

Closing the door quietly, Harry climbed into bed, unsure what the morning would bring, but determined to help his friend anyway he could.

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Chapter 3: Dealing with Death

The next morning, Harry awoke to find a mass of blond hair obscuring his vision and a very warm body curled against him. Last night's dream of a girl sharing his bed was apparently real.

'Bloody hell!' he thought. 'Susan must have needed more comforting than I realised.'

A pair of breasts were firmly pressed against his back and her arm was flung over his chest. Harry noticed, they were very nice breasts, soft and warm and causing a reaction in his lower parts. She snuggled closer, sighing and Harry wondered what he should do. Not that it was unpleasant, mind you, it was just that... well crap! 'Just enjoy it,' he thought, feigning sleep. 'She really is a beautiful girl, but I can't take advantage of her,' he reminded himself, remembering the awful events of the night before.

Trying to slip out of bed quietly, he felt Susan clutch him tightly, preventing their bodies from separating. 'Great, now what do I do?' he wondered.

"Susan," he called quietly. "Susan, it's time to get up," he called more insistently.

A muffled groan came from the pillow. "Mmm, lemme sleep." Suddenly awake, she shot up. "H-Harry! What are you doing in my bed?"

"Um, Susan, you're in my bed, not that I mind though. You keep me nice and warm," he smirked.

"I-I'm s-sorry, Harry, I couldn't sleep last night." Fresh tears started and Harry turned and hugged her, letting her face settle down against his shoulder.

"Shh, it's alright, you don't have to apologise. I'm here for you."

Susan's tears subsided gradually and she withdrew from Harry's shoulder with an embarrassed look.

"I need to get dressed Harry," and she quickly leaped out of bed and ran to the bathroom.

Harry was amused at how easily the Hufflepuff was embarrassed. Susan was starting to grow on him. He still couldn't figure why he hadn't really noticed her before. She was, after all, a very beautiful girl.

After Susan had finished showering, Harry made his way to the bathroom for his turn. The suite was really very nice and overlooked the lake. Harry was anxious to try the restaurant, but decided on room service for breakfast to help settle Susan a bit more.

After his shower and a good tooth brushing, he dressed in a new pair of black slacks and green shirt with matching socks and black Italian loafers.

Rejoining Susan, he noticed she was dressed in a pretty blue skirt with a fresh cream coloured shirt and thin gold necklace. Adorning her feet were a pair of expensive looking shoes with her slim legs encased in patterned nylons. Altogether, the effect was amazing.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Starving, actually," she answered. "Are we going to eat downstairs?"

"No, I thought I'd order breakfast in. Are you up for anything special? There's a menu on the table."

After looking at the menu, Susan replied, "Why don't you order Harry, everything looks good,"

"How about waffles and bacon with some fresh fruit?"

"Sounds good, maybe add some orange juice too."

Harry picked up the phone and placed the order. Several minutes later, their order arrived, and Harry tipped the man as he left.

After breakfast, Harry suggested they organise their day. Harry knew Susan would have to identify her parent's bodies and wasn't looking forward to that.

"I have to tell Aunt Amelia," Susan said quietly. "I'm not looking forward to that. She's all I have left now."

"I know this is hard for you, Susan, but once we get it done, we can move on. You may as well stay here with me, since I have the suite for two weeks. We can move on after that if you'd like. I'd like very much to accompany you until we return to Hogwarts, if that's okay."

Susan couldn't believe her ears! Was Harry Potter saying he'd like to spend his holidays with her? Her heart lifted from the depression it had settled into last night. Was this only pity? Well, she'd gratefully accept, just to be with him. Maybe he would begin to take notice of her more than just another acquaintance.

"I-I'd like that Harry," she stammered. 'Calm down, Sue, he just wants to help you,' she thought to herself.

As they were relaxing on the patio, Hedwig arrived and landed on Harry's shoulder. "Hey girl, you found me." Harry gave her a piece of bacon he had saved from breakfast. "I'll have to feed you properly." Walking back inside, he opened his new trunk and retrieved some owl treats.

As Hedwig was eating, Harry suggested that Susan use her to deliver a message to her aunt. "Don't tell her that I'm here, Susan. I don't want anybody to know where I'm vacationing. It's safer that way, with Voldemort out there."

"Okay Harry. I'll tell her that I'm staying with a friend and will take care of the arrangements for my parents." A fresh tear found its way to her eye and she blinked it away.

After attaching the note to Hedwig, Harry sent her on her way, telling her to wait for a reply.

“We’ll have to go back to Lucerne, Susan, there are a lot of formalities to take care of.” The sad and painful look in her eyes almost broke his heart. “You’ll be okay, I’ll be with you all the way.”

Grateful for Harry’s support, she allowed him to lead the way to the train.

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After a quick train trip back to Lucerne, with both of them quietly contemplating the events of the past day, they disembarked from the train.

A taxi drove them to the main police headquarters where they met with the officer in charge of the investigation into Susan’s parent’s death.

“Hello, my name is Susan Bones and this is my friend Harry Potter. My parents were killed yesterday, can you tell me anything about the accident?”

“Good morning Miss Bones. Ah, the famous Harry Potter! I’ve heard a lot about you, Mr. Potter, my name is Lt. Jean Marseille.”

Harry knew the man must be a wizard. ‘This could get awkward,’ he thought.

“Glad to meet you Lieutenant. I hope you will keep my presence here quiet. I’m trying to avoid attention and enjoy a holiday for once.”

“Oh course, I understand. Now Miss Bones, since we don’t have all the details, I can only give you an overview. Mr. and Mrs. Bones apparently left their hotel yesterday to do a bit of skiing. They were warned that the snow might present a danger, but they insisted on going. Odd that they would choose Pilatus to ski since it’s currently closed. However, that is where we found the bodies after a tourist spotted them on the mountain just as the avalanche came down.”

“You say a tourist spotted them?” Harry repeated. “I thought you said the mountain was closed.”

“Well, yes, he was apparently scanning the mountain with binoculars when he saw them. A bit of a coincidence really.”

“Odd doesn’t begin to describe it,” Susan interjected. “My parents don’t ski very well and would never have gone to a mountain that was closed.”

“Indeed? I think this needs further investigation.”

“Did you happen to get the name of the person who reported it?” Harry asked.

“Yes, lets see, ah, here we are. A Mr. Lucius Malfoy. Prominent name in Britain I understand.”

“Malfoy!” Harry hissed. “I think this might not be an accident, Lieutenant. Mr. Malfoy is a known Death Eaters. I’ve had a few run-ins with him before. He was just arrested a few weeks ago. Apparently he’s slipped away again!”

“Well, I can put out a bulletin on him, but if he’s as smart as he seems, he’ll be long gone. I’ll leave the case open as suspicious deaths.”

Susan was aghast at this turn of events. She had to notify her aunt. As head of the DMLE, she would have to be informed at once.

Harry was livid. “I’ve been afraid Malfoy would slip out again! That bastard must have bribed Fudge again!”

Leaving the police station, Harry and Susan stopped by the morgue to identify her parents. It was a ghastly task, but it had to be done. Susan was in tears again when they left and Harry held her tight in the taxi on the way back to the train. It was a thoroughly depressed Susan and Harry when they arrived back in Brienz.

It was now late afternoon and the sun was just starting to sink in a cloudless blue sky. The mountain air was refreshing as they sat on their patio facing the lake. The peaceful scene helped calm the teenagers and Harry reached for Susan’s hand, twining their fingers

together. He was growing quite fond of the blond beauty. The tragedy that befell Susan was oddly reminiscent of his own parents. Of course he didn't really remember them since he was too young, but both he and Susan were now orphans. Susan at least had an aunt, but few friends. She had told him that aside from Hannah, she didn't really associate with anyone else. Oh, boys tried to date her, but she found them too shallow.

Susan had leaned her head into Harry as they held hands. He calmed her as no one else had ever done before. She began to think that maybe he might become more than just a friend. A smile reached her lips as she thought of that possibility.

"Knut for your thoughts," Harry asked.

"Oh, just thinking how much I've come to depend on you in the last day or so. Even last term, you did so much to boost my confidence in the DA."

He smiled at this, giving her hand a squeeze. "You did really well in the DA, I only showed you how to cast the spells, you found the power within yourself to do them."

Turning serious, she asked, "Harry," do you really think Malfoy killed my parents?"

"I'd bet money on it Sue. Lucius is as nasty a piece of work as you'll find, aside from Voldemort."

She shivered at the name, hoping that she'd never have the opportunity to find out.

Seeing her shiver, Harry reached over and wrapped his arms around her, holding her close once more. Her head tucked under his chin and she sighed softly into his chest. As the sun finally set, Harry pulled her into a soft kiss. Her lips were pliant and warm. The kiss was brief and each was startled by the effect. Neither realized what had changed between them with that all too short kiss. Harry looked at Susan with a question in his eyes. Susan looked back into his in confusion.

“Sorry,” they both said at once and then laughed in embarrassment.

“Susan, I-I didn’t mean to take advantage of you, it just sort of happened...”

“Oh Harry, you don’t have to apologise. I’ve been dreaming of kissing you for ages now.”

“You’re very beautiful Susan, I haven’t been able to take my eyes off you all day.”

Harry reached down again and brought his lips to hers in a kiss that started out tender until she moaned and brought her hands up to cup his face, deepening the kiss. As they came up for air, she pulled back with a question in her eyes.

“Harry, what’s happening to us? You make me feel like I’ve never felt before.”

“Sweet Susan, I don’t know, but lets take this slowly. I’d like to get to know you better.”

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The next day, Harry awoke, missing the warmth that Susan provided the night before. She had finally felt comfortable enough to chance sleeping in her own bed. Grumbling to himself, Harry walked into the bathroom for a shower, only to find a wet, very naked Susan facing him. She let out a squeak and grabbed a towel to cover herself.

Harry blushed a bright red, mumbled a quick “sorry,” and ran from the bathroom. ‘Oh boy, I have to remember to check if the bathroom is occupied.’

Presently Susan came out, equally red faced. “Harry, that’s not fair,” she laughed. “You get to see my bits, but I don’t get to see yours.” She giggled as she said this, breaking the tension.

“Susan, I’m sorry, I’ve been so used to living with other boys or with my cousin, that I forgot.”

“You’re apologising again Harry! I already told you that you don’t have to. I don’t mind you looking, in fact I’m flattered you find me attractive.”

The flirting had officially begun. Harry winked at Susan every chance he got, teasing her unmercifully. Susan swatted his arm when he got too playful. He swatted her bum in return. A quick brush of her lips on his cheek would set him grinning. Both teens were thoroughly enjoying each other’s company.

By day, they would walk around the town, stopping to shop occasionally, or rent a boat and see the sights from the lake. The water was too cold to swim in but the hotel had an outdoor heated swimming pool. Harry and Susan spend an hour every evening in the pool. The Chez Florent, was an elegant restaurant inside the hotel and Harry and Susan usually ate dinner there. At the end of the week, Susan had taken to wearing Harry’s T-shirts when they were relaxing at the pool. Finally, on Sunday night, Susan once again slipped into Harry’s bed, on the pretext of being cold. Cuddling up to him, she spooned against his back, wriggling close, her breasts flattening against his back. Harry was getting aroused, but firmly told himself to calm down. Unfortunately, his lower region wasn’t listening, and he spent a tortuous night with a very stiff hard on. Susan’s arm had snaked over his chest, drawing him as close as she could manage. Finally falling asleep, they awoke late Monday morning facing one another with their legs intertwined and both of them embarrassingly damp.

Harry raced to the shower and had a cold one to cool his heated body. ‘Bloody hell,’ he thought. ‘This witch will be the death of me! I can’t seem to keep my hands off her.’

Susan, on the other hand, was secretly pleased how the budding relationship was coming. ‘Oh Harry, how you’ve changed my life and in less than a week! You so kind and gentle,’ she thought. ‘What ever am I going to do if you leave me?’

As soon as Harry had finished dressing, he remembered he had to go back to Gringotts for the reading of Sirius' will. Unwilling to abandon Susan, even for a day, he thought about it.

Susan quickly showered and dressed, expecting to continue to relax with Harry for the day. She was surprised by his next words.

"Susan, I have to return to London today to take care of some business. I'd like you to accompany me."

"But Harry, it's almost the last minute, we'll never catch a flight..."

"We'll be traveling by portkey. I have to attend the reading of my Godfather's will at Gringotts. After the will is read, we can return here. I don't want to leave you here by yourself. Who knows what mischief you'd get into," he grinned.

"Harry!" she swatted his arm playfully, "I'd love to accompany you, but I don't think we should be seen together in Gringotts. Someone may decide we're together and guess where you are. I haven't told my aunt Amelia that you're with me, but if she finds out..."

"Ahh, I don't care anymore. Let her find out. If she tells Dumbledore, he won't be able to do anything. He has no influence in Switzerland, that's why I went there. You're with me now, and I intend to keep you close."

Harry emphasized this with a hard kiss to her lips. Wrapping his arms around her, he deepened the kiss, Harry's tongue sought entrance to her mouth. Gasping, she opened her mouth and their tongues danced against each other. Her hands swept through his hair and around his back, caressing him and drawing him closer. Moaning, she worked her hands under his shirt and up his back, lightly digging her nails into him. Moaning loudly, she ground her hips against him. Harry was slowly losing control. He had a rock hard erection that was almost painful.

"Susan," he gasped pulling away, "Let's save this for later. We have to go now or we'll be late."

Growling in frustration, she released him. "Okay, but we're not finished yet Harry! Let me change first."

When she was ready, he grabbed the portkey out of his trunk and told Susan to grab hold. A minute later, they disappeared from the hotel.

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Chapter 4: Interlude and Surprises

The goblin portkey deposited Harry and Susan in the lobby of Gringotts. Looking around, Harry made his way to a free goblin. Then all hell broke out.

“Harry!” It was Dumbledore.

Harry groaned. ‘Not now, please, not now!’ he thought.

“Susan,” Harry called, “stay close, the Headmaster will try to interfere.”

Susan moved to stand by his side as Griphook escorted them to Ragnok’s office. Goblin guards prevented anyone else from following. Harry held her hand as they entered the director’s office.

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Dumbledore tried to follow Harry but was prevented by several mean looking goblins. ‘Well, I’ll see him at the reading,’ he thought. ‘I wonder why he disappeared last week and why is Miss Bones with him?’

Hermione and the Weasley family were also there and spotted Harry with Susan.

“Why is Susan here, Ron? And, she seems to be with Harry. What’s going on?”

“Dunno, Hermione, he seems to be avoiding Dumbledore though. Do you suppose she’s included in Sirius’ will?”

“Can’t be,” Hermione replied. “He’s never even met her.”

“Well Harry seems to be getting along with her,” he smirked. “In fact they seem to be very close, holding hands and all that.”

"They arrived by portkey together. I wonder where they've been? I thought you couldn't portkey into Gringotts. Ooh! When I get my hands on him! It's like he's just abandoned us."

"When is the will reading again, Hermione?"

"10 o'clock. That's a half hour from now. I wonder what the director of Gringotts wants with them?"

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Ragnok indicated that Harry and Susan be seated. "Good morning Lord Potter. I trust all is well?"

"Very well, Director. This is my good friend Susan Bones."

Susan gasped, "Lord Potter? Harry, when did this happen?"

"A few days ago, Susan, when I came to withdraw some money. Director Ragnok was kind enough to apprise me of my status and provide needed documents. He also emancipated me, so I can use magic as an adult."

"Ah, Miss Bones," Ragnok grinned, "niece of Amelia Bones. I've heard of your loss. Please accept my deepest sympathies. You, of course, will inherit your parents estate, and if Lord P... excuse me Harry, is willing, we can effect the transfer now. I believe your aunt will have to be informed, since you are still underage. Harry's case is different, since he is the last surviving Potter.

"I wanted to talk to you before Lord Black's will is read, Harry. There are certain provisions that you alone should be made aware. First, you will assume the title of Lord Black as well as your own title. There is also a seat on the Wizengamot that you will inherit. Second, and more disturbing, there are some marriage provisions that Sirius Black ignored, but you must not."

"M-marriage provisions, Director? I'm much too young to be married, or even think about it," Harry stuttered, turning pink at the thought.

“Nevertheless, the provisions stand and must be acted on within the next year. Since you are emancipated, the wizard world now accepts you as an adult and therefore of marriageable age. You have a year to decide who your wife will be. This is not negotiable since Sirius Black’s ancestors wrote this proviso into their family law. Sirius was able to avoid this since he was imprisoned and was unlawfully at large. He managed to avoid the provision before he was imprisoned, but just barely. Since you are now the new Lord Black, you must marry within the year.”

Susan was listening carefully to this, understanding that Harry had no options in this. Her feelings were in a turmoil. Would Harry ask her to marry him? Would she want to marry him? Uncertain of the answers to these questions, she simply pushed them away as a matter to deal with later.

Harry, on the other hand was bewildered, as the full import of his emancipation hit home. ‘I have to marry within a year? I have no choice? Who would want to marry me? I like Susan, but... marry?’ he thought. ‘I hardly know her, but she’s the sweetest person I know. Hermione? No, I don’t think so, she’s the sister I never had. She’s never felt that way about me. We’ve been friends since first year, but, no, that wouldn’t work.’

Ragnot was speaking again. “Harry, it’s time for the reading. I’m going to invite the other participants in now.”

Griphook ushered the others into the room. Harry saw Hermione, Mr. & Mrs. Weasley, Ron and Ginny, Remus Lupin and finally Professor Dumbledore.

“Please be seated everyone and we will begin.”

Dumbledore was eyeing Harry and Susan closely, trying to catch Harry’s eye. Harry was studiously ignoring him.

“In the matter of the will of Sirius Black, the Lord Black, all participants are now here. I will begin:

I, Sirius Orion Black, being of sound mind, hereby bequeath Albus Dumbledore the sum of 1 galleon. Albus, you should have never allowed me to be imprisoned in Azkaban. You knew the truth, but did nothing.

To Arthur Weasley and his family, I bequeath the sum of 10,000 galleons each.

To Miss Hermione Granger, I bequeath 10,000 galleons and the Black library for the purpose of research.

To my dear friend Remus Lupin, I bequeath 100,000 galleons and a directive to at least get a new set of clothes.

To my Godson, Harry James Potter, I leave the remainder of my estate to do whatever he wants with it.

Signed and witnessed May 20, 1996.

Sirius Orion Black.

There also appeared another signature of a witness.

A hush fell over the room as Ragnok finished reading. Albus hung his head, knowing he had not done all that he should have for Sirius. Remus sat stiffly, a tear forming in his eye as he remembered his friend. Hermione was almost bouncing in her seat at the news that she would get the library. A big smile lit her face. The Weasley's all had big smiles and talked among themselves. Harry was still in shock. Susan, carefully looked around the room, feeling uncomfortable and out of place.

Harry finally seemed to recover and squeezed her hand. Facing Susan, he smiled, melting her heart. "We should go Susan. Dumbledore will try and control me. I'm not going to listen to him anymore."

"Harry, may I have a word in private?" The headmaster asked.

"Sorry Professor, we have to go. We have an important..."

"I'm afraid I must insist, Harry."

"You may insist all you want Headmaster, but since I'm now emancipated, you have no say in what I may or may not do while I'm on vacation."

Albus looked like he had been slapped in the face. "Surely you must realise that you're not safe outside my protection, Harry."

"Headmaster, as long as nobody knows where I am, I'm perfectly safe."

"But you can be traced, Harry, surely you realise that. And why is Miss Bones with you? I'd heard that her parents were killed."

Harry replied forcefully, "Leave us alone Headmaster, I no longer trust you. You've kept too many secrets from me. I may not even return to Hogwarts this September if you keep hounding me. Susan is under my care and protection. I've learned a few tricks lately and I can assure you we are quite safe."

Ragnot, sensing that this could get ugly, insisted that they all leave, save Harry and Susan. "You will all receive your share of the inheritance and an accounting within the day. Good day to you."

Albus looked like he might argue the point, but finally shook his head in dismay and left. 'Why was Harry acting this way,' he wondered again. 'He's somehow been emancipated... that can't be good. I'll have no control over his movements now. Anything could happen. What about Miss Bones? It seems he's formed a relationship with her. I'll have to talk to Amelia,' he thought to himself.

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Outside, the Weasleys and Hermione continued to discuss Harry.

"Arthur, what did he mean that he's emancipated now?" Molly asked her husband.

“Well, as I understand it, since he’s the last Potter, he’s entitled to be emancipated if he requests it. He would have to show that he was able to live independently and was responsible. I think Harry more than qualifies for that. I believe that he also has taken up the mantle of Lord Potter as well, which means he will have a seat on the Wizengamot. Harry may also be known as Lord Black as well, since both houses are Most Ancient and Noble Houses. That, plus the fact that he now is one of the richest wizards in Britain, will make him a most eligible batchelor. When he’s older, there will be witches beating a path to his door.”

Molly was aghast at this. “But Arthur, he’s so young. That’s a lot of responsibility to have at his age.”

Hermione interjected, “Harry’s always been able to take care of himself Mrs. Weasley. Ron and I have helped him over the years, but Harry is a natural born leader. If he returns to Hogwarts, we’ll still be there for him. I wonder about Susan, though. He seems to be much closer to her than anyone else. I wonder if it’s just a summer romance...” She continued to speculate about the lovely blonde. ‘I wonder how she feels about Harry. I’d hate to see him hurt.’

Ron was nonplussed with the way Harry acted toward his best friends. He didn’t even have a word for them. “Harry seems to have forgotten us. All the things we’ve done together and he ignores us? What kind of friend is that?”

“Harry must have a lot on his mind now,” Ginny observed. “With the Headmaster trying to control him and Sirius’ death, never mind; what about Susan. The Headmaster said that her parents were killed. She must be an orphan now, the same as Harry.”

“Harry’s looking after Susan, it would seem,” Arthur stated. “I hope he knows what he’s doing.”

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Back in Ragnok’s office, Harry was thanking the director for all his help.

“Ragnok, can we use this portkey to return to where we were?”

“Certainly, Harry. I’ll also have a full accounting of your holdings by tomorrow. Where can you be reached?”

“I’ll send Hedwig and you can shrink the documents and attach it to her leg. Hedwig is my familiar and is a very smart bird. She can find me when no one else can.”

“Very well, Harry, if you’re ready to return, just tap the portkey with your wand and it will return you and Miss Bones. If you ever need assistance from Gringotts, you can use it to return here. It’s untraceable.”

“Thank you Director, you have been more than helpful. May your gold always flow.” Harry bowed and departed with an awed Susan.

Once in the main gallery, Harry turned to Susan and holding her close, touched the portkey with his wand and they disappeared, before Dumbledore could once again accost them.

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Chapter 5: Birthday Boy

Lucius Malfoy smirked to himself. The Dark Lord had ordered a hit on the Bones' while they were in Switzerland. Unfortunately, the girl was not with them, but he'd take care of that little detail later. Maybe his son could have fun with her before he killed her. Amelia would be next on his list of people that had to die. It was a clean killing, nobody was the wiser; the police had ruled it an accident. Lucius had planned it carefully, trapping the two in their hotel, stunning them, portkeying them to the mountain and causing an avalanche. He then notified the police. A perfect plan.

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Harry and Susan arrived back at their hotel sitting room, exhausted after the ordeal at Gringotts. Ordering room service, they snacked on salads and sandwiches. The mini bar had bottles of water and cans of pop. There were also small bottles of alcohol, but they ignored those, instead choosing a cola each. After the light lunch, they lay on Harry's bed, relaxing. Harry removed his dress suit and lay facing Susan, clad only in his boxer shorts. Susan had removed her dress and was wearing a black lacy bra and matching knickers. Susan snuggled up to Harry and both were soon asleep.

As the day wore on, Harry was dreaming. It was a pleasant dream, Susan was in his arms, kissing him, saying naughty things to him, urging him to do other things...

Susan was likewise dreaming. In her dream, she was wearing a beautiful wedding gown and Harry was at her side. The dream shifted suddenly to show her parents, pleading with Lucius Malfoy not to kill them, only to see them fall...

Susan awoke with a start, sweating, clutching Harry for all she was worth.

Harry, suddenly awake from his beautiful dream, stared at a very distraught Susan, who currently had a death grip around his waist. He saw tears in her eyes and reached to hold her close. "Susan, did you have a nightmare?" he softly asked.

“Oh Harry, I-I dreamed...” She wouldn’t tell him about the first part of the dream. “I dreamed of my parents being killed. Lucius Malfoy was standing over them and t-they...” but she couldn’t continue and broke into sobs, the tears coming fast, falling on his bare chest.

“Shh, It’s alright, I’m here, I know what you’re going through. I know it’s hard, but it’ll pass with time. I watched Cedric being killed dozens of times in my dreams. My mother still haunts my dreams, screaming when Voldemort killed her. Eventually it recedes, and I hardly ever dream about Cedric now. I think I’ll never forget my mother’s sacrifice. We’re both orphans now and we can both understand how that feels.”

As her sobs abated, Harry gathered her up in his arms, kissing her cheeks and wiping her tears away with his thumb.

“Hungry?” he asked.

“Starving,” she replied. “Harry, lets go somewhere else for dinner. We’ve been eating in the hotel all week. The food is great, but we need to get out a bit.”

“Okay, that sounds good to me. Any preferences?”

“I’d like to sample a good Swiss fondue. I’ve heard they’re delicious.”

“That sounds good. Let’s get dressed, although if I hadn’t been so knackered earlier...” he teased.

Grinning, Susan made her way to her room and dressed in a tight black dress, with matching black shoes and a silver necklace embedded with small diamonds. The dress did amazing things to her figure, and Harry was captivated.

“You look amazing Susan, stunning even!”

Harry had dressed in a pair of grey dress pants and matching cream coloured shirt. A dark blue silk tie completed the outfit. Once again he wore his Italian shoes.

“You look stunning yourself, Harry. Can you dance? I think I’d like to go dancing after dinner.”

“Hermione taught me after the Yule Ball. I was a real klutz until Hermione charmed me to dance properly. Since then I remembered how to dance. I’d love to dance with the most beautiful girl I know,” Harry whispered in her ear.

Susan giggled and kissed him lightly. “Let’s go then.”

The restaurant was located only a few blocks away and they enjoyed a nice Fondue Vudu with mixed vegetables in a heavenly cheese sauce. Desert was a crisp Apple Strudel in a caramel sauce. Coffee finished the meal and after paying the bill, Harry and Susan left in search of a dance hall.

Unfortunately there were none close by but after asking, they were recommended a ‘Latin Dance Cruise’ that stopped at Brienz from Interlaken. They were told that it normally operated September and October, but they were trying it out earlier this year. The cruise would stop at Brienz this evening on its way back to Interlaken.

Waiting at the dock for the ship to arrive, Susan snuggled close to Harry. The evenings were cool at this altitude, surrounded by mountains. The warmth of the day was slowly giving way to the cool evening breeze.

Boarding the ship, they found a place to sit until the ship cast off again, resuming its journey around the lake. The band started up with a lively tune and Harry escorted Susan to the dance floor. Fortunately, Hermione had taught him well and with Susan as a partner, they danced and laughed for several dances, until they finally sat down, exhausted from the activity. Susan was an excellent dancer and Harry had a hard time keeping up with the exuberant girl. Several men stole admiring glances at the pretty girl, but Susan had eyes only for Harry.

At last, the ship docked in Interlaken and they departed; wandering the town until they found a small hotel. Not wanting to take the train back to Brienz this late in the evening, they took a room for the night.

The hotelier looked at the young age of the couple, but Harry assured him they were of age. Paying for the accomodation, he led Susan up to a second floor room.

Opening the door, they found a clean and pleasant, but small room with a bed and washroom. The window overlooked the lake and the view was breathtaking. A full moon was just rising over the mountains. Holding hands, they gazed at the scenic beauty, lost in each others arms. Harry turned and found Susan gazing into his eyes. She reached up and pulled him into a searing kiss. Moaning, they continued kissing, Susan wanting more. Their tongues swirling together, they fell back on the bed.

"Harry, I think I love you," she breathed huskily.

"Susan," was all he could say. There were a thousand things going through his head. Finally he thought 'crap! I can't get her out of my mind, I think I love her too.' "You heard Ragnok, I have to marry within a year. I love you too, but are you sure you..."

Susan grabbed him again, stopping his words with a kiss. "I'm sure, Harry, I'd like to be your girlfriend if you'll have me!"

His face lit up and his smile told her everything she wanted to know.

"I'll be your boyfriend then, We'll still take it slow, but I'd like to buy you a promise ring. That way, it'll let everyone know that you're mine and I'm yours. I was afraid to tell you I loved you for days now. Tonight was so special, I was just about to ask, when you beat me to it."

Susan smirked. "If I had waited much longer, I would have burst. You are so special to me, Harry. I've had a crush on you for years now, but never expected you to even notice me."

"How could I not notice the most beautiful girl in the school? Lets take a walk in the moonlight sweetheart, I'm too wound up to sleep."

Stepping outside in the clear night air, they walked once again down to the dock. Sitting on a bench, he pulled her into his lap. She wound her arms around his neck and as their lips met, a lone night bird sang a mournful cry and then fell silent.

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The next morning they were up early for the train ride back to Brienzen. Before they caught the train, Harry located a jeweler and bought a promise ring for Susan. She returned the favour and they each placed an identical silver ring on the other's right ring finger.

Traveling back to Brienzen, Susan asked Harry, "How long do you want to wait, Harry?"

"Hey, that's supposed to be my line," he joked. "We should get this school year behind us and then if we're still certain, we'll set a date. Maybe next year at this time, that way we can be sure our love is true."

Susan sighed. 'A year,' she thought. 'I'm ready now, but Harry's right, we must be sure it's not just a summer romance.' "Okay, Harry, but it'll be hard waiting."

The train finally rolled into the Brienzen station and they detrained. Walking back to the hotel hand in hand, both were lost in thought. Harry wondered how he could properly protect Susan with Voldemort a constant threat.

Susan, aware of his thoughts, wanted to help in any way she could. She couldn't lose him now.

The days sped by, the lovers lost in each other. Soon it was Harry's birthday. Not expecting anything, Harry was elated when Susan presented him with a new watch. Engraved on the watch back was a pair of hearts with their first names inside the hearts. "Susan, he gasped, you shouldn't have. That's a very expensive watch, are you sure...?"

“Harry, my parents left me a small fortune when they died. I’m not rich like you, but I have enough to live very comfortably for as long as I like. Yes I’m sure.”

“I love the watch, Sue, I’ve not owned a watch since the tri-wizard tournament.” He claimed her lips, pulling her close, running his hands through her soft hair and down her back. She moaned in ecstasy. Harry did things to her that sent shivers down her spine.

Harry had never believed that a girl could make him feel this way. His mind turned to mush, whenever she kissed him. They were not ready to take their love to the next level, and truth be told, Harry was a bit afraid they might be moving too fast. He had really only known her two months now. They had extended their stay at the hotel until Sunday, and would then travel to Austria for the remaining month. Brienz had a lot to offer, but they had pretty much exhausted the possibilities.

No word had come from the lieutenant in Lucern, so Susan had finally arranged the return of her parents bodies to Britain for proper burial by her aunt.

By this time Amelia had found out that Susan was staying with Harry, and she couldn’t be happier. Harry would take care of his niece, she was sure of that. Amelia was happily planning on wedding bells in the future. Susan’s letters to her aunt detailed her and Harry’s budding romance.

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Boarding the train for Innsbruck Austria, Harry and Susan decided to travel first class. The train traveled from Brienz to Lucern with a change to Zurich and then a final through train to Innsbruck. Arriving mid afternoon in Innsbruck, Harry and Susan found the Grand Hotel Europa after a short taxi ride from the station. They decided to stay for a week and then travel to Vienna.

The suite at the Grand Hotel Europa was sumptuous. Relaxing on the bed, they quickly fell asleep for a few hours.

Refreshed after their nap, Harry decided to explore. Susan wanted to shop, so they checked out the shops in the hotel before venturing into the city. Wandering the streets, they noticed a peculiar alley. Nobody else seemed to pay any attention to it, but Harry had the feeling it might be magical. Carefully observing the alley, he noticed a couple exiting a building set back in the alley. They turned to the teens and winked. Harry blinked and smiled, sure this was the Austrian version of Diagon Alley. "Come on Susan, I think we've found a magical alley."

"Are you sure Harry? Wait, those two people definitely look like a wizard and witch."

Entering the alley, Harry was sure he was right. The shops in the twisting alley were definitely not for muggles. There was a familiar looking building at the end. The local Gringotts, he would bet any money! They passed a robe shop, a wand shop and a bookstore. He would love to see Hermione's expression if she had seen that. "What do you think Susan? Shall we go in and see what books they have?"

Susan was intrigued, she had never visited any other magical shopping place besides Diagon Alley and Hogsmead. "Why not, Harry. My German is a bit rusty, but it should be interesting."

They seemed to have the standard books one would find in Flourish and Blotts, but printed in German. Deciding to explore further, they snooped into several shops, before spotting an ice cream parlour. Sitting down at one of the tables outside the shop, they ordered a large sundae each. "Lots of nuts and whipped cream please, Harry requested of the owner. Susan ordered a multi flavoured Sundae with nuts and a cherry on top. Mmmm, she rolled her eyes in pleasure. I've missed Florean Fortesque's."

After they had their fill, they paid and left. Harry's German was non-existent, but Susan was able to translate most of the words on a small shop off the main thoroughfare. "It's a wand shop Harry. Looks like it's affiliated with Ollivanders."

"Let's go in Harry, My wand isn't quite the perfect one for me. Mr Ollivander said that he couldn't get an exact match. Apparently I'm

unique enough that even with his enormous stock, he could only closely match a wand to me. Let's see if there's a better one here."

Harry was dubious. The second wand he picked up, wasn't a perfect match either, but it was untraceable. It wouldn't hurt to ask, he thought. "All right, you may get lucky. I'm surprised Ollivander wasn't able to match you exactly. He seemed to take forever with my wand."

Entering the tiny shop, they immediately noticed that it was much larger inside than it looked from the outside. "I love magic," he gleefully exclaimed.

A little old man tottered out from the back, blinking furiously at the two teens. "Er... how may I help you Mr. Potter?" he inquired.

Startled, Harry asked, "Y-you know me?"

"Certainly, Mr. Potter, your scar is very unique you know."

Harry had forgotten that most of the wizarding world would recognise him.

"Um, my friend would like to know if you could fit her with a proper wand. Her wand isn't an exact match, you see..."

"Not to worry, Mr. Potter, we'll soon find the proper wand for the young lady. Your ministry won't be able to track it of course, but ours will. Now, let's see your own wand miss...?"

"Oh, please excuse me, this is Miss Susan Bones," Harry introduced.

"Oh? Any relation to Amelia Bones?"

"She's my aunt, do you know her?"

"Oh yes. Amelia stops in occasionally; checking to see if there are any Death Eater wands that have made it into the market. Devil of a time tracking those. Nasty business. Only ran across one in all my years here. Traced it to a man sent to Azkaban many years ago. Died there, so I'm told. His wand was left here by his brother. Knew it could

be traced and didn't want to be caught with it. Should have snapped it, but turned it over to Amelia. That was last year I believe. She did a Prior Incantado on it. Well, you've never seen the likes of the spells that wand spit out."

While he'd been talking the little man was sorting through boxes and boxes of wands, comparing them to Susan's. Presently, he presented a wand for her to try. "Willow and Veela hair, 8 and a quarter inches. Bendy but powerful. Very rare combination."

Susan took the wand and immediately felt a connection. She waved it and a fountain of golden stars issued from it.

"YES! I knew I was right!" the old man shouted gleefully. "Miss Bones, I'm sure you will do much better with this wand. It channels your magic perfectly."

Harry paid for the wand, saying it was a belated birthday present for her. Susan protested, "But Harry, you don't even know when my birthday is!"

"Um, well, when is it?" he asked.

"Two weeks from now," she admitted shyly.

"Well then, Happy Birthday early!"

Leaving the shop, they returned to their hotel.

After an excellent supper, they prepared for bed. Susan was now used to sleeping in the same bed with Harry. After a shower and tooth brushing, they spooned together in bed. Harry facing Susan's back, his arm around her slim waist. Scooting closer, Susan turned her face and kissed Harry goodnight. It had been a long day.

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The next morning, they decided to explore the surrounding countryside. An older couple staying there suggested they might like to visit Mayrhofen. There was a cableway for a scenic view of the

Ziller River Valley, so Harry and Susan decided to take the tour. A short ride by taxi landed them at the cableway base station. Boarding the cable car, they were thrilled as they ascended.

Suddenly the car stopped. They were suspended a hundred feet above the ground, with the car swaying but not advancing. They were the only passengers in the car along with the attendant.

Speaking perfect English, the attendant assured them that it was a minor problem and would probably be fixed in a minute. Unfortunately he was mistaken and the car swayed violently once and then sagged. Turning to the attendant, they were surprised to see him lying on the floor, eyes open in death.

“Harry, I’m afraid...”

Harry grabbed her and pushed her to the floor. “Stay down Susan, there’s someone in the down car firing spells at us!”

A shower of sparks hit the car and it bounced violently again. Harry spotted the other car, not 50 feet away. There was a hooded person in the car with a wand, firing spells at them. Ducking down, a green curse flew over his head. “That was a killing curse Susan, stay down at the back of the car.”

There was nowhere to go. Unless he could disarm their assailant, They would most certainly meet the same fate as the attendant.

Carefully peering around the corner of the car, he fired two quick stunners and a bludgeoning spell at the other car. A scream, told him that he had done some damage. Wondering how they were going to get out of there, even if they disabled the assailant, he thought of his options. Taking another careful look, he noticed the person draped over the open door of the other car. Apparently Harry had been lucky with one of his spells. Now the problem was how to get down. Susan quickly found a rope that seemed long enough. The question was, if it was long enough to reach the ground. Oh how he wished for his broomstick now. Even if they reached the ground, who was at the controls at the base station?

Well, one thing at a time. “Susan love, is that rope going to be long enough?”

I think so Harry, this isn’t the highest point, so it should reach the ground. Who would do this Harry?”

“Death Eaters I reckon. We must have been recognized in the alley and followed.”

“There, the rope reached the ground with plenty to spare. We should be able to slide down now.”

“Will you be okay Susan? Have you done anything like this before?”

“Harry, like you, I went to muggle school before Hogwarts. I was a rope climbing champion in my school. Piece of cake really. I’m glad I wore jeans today though.”

Guiding her through the escape hatch in the floor, Harry followed her down the escape rope. Reaching the forest floor, they warily worked their way back to the base station. It was rough going, working their way down the rough terrain. When they were about a hundred feet from the station, Harry called a halt, surveying the situation. A man was talking inside the station, but they were too far away to hear. A second man appeared at the door of the station, scanning the cleared area underneath the cableway. Harry and Susan were well hidden and decided to work their way closer. When they were about 10 feet away, they watched as the two men exited the station. Signaling Susan to stun the nearest one, Harry fired two quick bludgeoning spells at his quarry. Susan sent a powerful stunner at her man and the two collapsed in a heap. Grabbing their wands, Harry snapped them and threw them away.

Making sure there were no more assailants around, they made their way back to their taxi, only to find the driver slumped over the wheel, dead.

“We’ll have to drive ourselves back Susan. Do you know how to drive?”

“N-no Harry, Mum or Dad always drove.”

“Well, I watched Uncle Vernon drive often enough, I mean how hard can it be?”

After many false starts and lots of jerking, they finally made it back to the hotel, where they notified the police.

The two teens were too exhausted to do more than collapse in the bed, falling asleep immediately.

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Chapter 6: Moving Time

Harry and Susan slowly awoke next morning, firmly spooned together, Harry facing Susan's back. Harry's right leg was wrapped around Susan's. He had been having another sweet dream, starring his favourite blonde. When he awoke, he had a rock hard erection, almost painful, really. Trapped in his boxers, he was already damp.

Susan had been moaning in her sleep and her knickers were quite damp. She had managed to squirm her bum hard against Harry's erection, causing Harry the discomfort he now felt. Harry's arm was flung over her, cupping a warm breast. She had left her bra off when they went to bed.

Susan felt her nipples harden as his hand rubbed across her breast. She was definitely awake now and felt his erection against her bum. Wiggling her bum suggestively, she opened her eyes and smirked.

"I see somebody's up already, she teased."

"Harry's face reddened fiercely as he tried to scoot away, but the edge of the bed prevented him. He was trapped in the covers. "Um, er... Susan! Are you sure you're ready for this?"

"Oh, Harry! I've been ready for this for ages!"

Turning to face him, she pressed herself against him, grinding her hips into his and wrapping a leg over him. "Mmmm," she moaned. "Harry, you don't know how hot you make me."

"Ahhh!" Harry moaned. "Susan, I know exactly how hot you are."

Pulling her on top of him, his hands cupped her face, bringing her mouth to his. "Sweet Sue," he moaned, capturing her lips in a searing kiss.

They deepened the kiss, tongues searching entrance and swirling together.

Her breasts were mashed against his chest; the nipples rock hard. Harry's legs wrapped around hers, bringing them closer. She rubbed herself against his erection, causing Harry to buck his hips. He was about to remove her knickers and his boxers, when the phone rang.

Susan swore in frustration. "Just when it was getting good, the sodding phone has to ring!"

Growling and cursing his luck, he released her and rolled off the bed to reach the phone.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Potter, This is the front desk. Sorry to disturb you, but there's a police officer requesting a word with you and Miss Bones."

"Alright, tell him to give us a few minutes and we'll be down."

"Susan, there's a police officer downstairs. I expect he'll want to talk to us about yesterday."

"Oh Merlin, I was hoping to avoid that. Well, fun later; let's get dressed. We can eat breakfast downstairs after he's gone."

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After a quick shower, they dressed in casual clothes and made their way to the waiting officer.

"Mr. Harry Potter?" the officer enquired.

"Yes, and this is Miss Susan Bones," he answered.

"I'm happy to meet both of you. I am Inspector Bauer of the Innsbruck detachment of the Federal Police. Is there somewhere private we can talk?"

"We can talk in my suite, if you like. It should be private enough."

"Excellent, lead the way sir."

Returning to their suite, Harry escorted Susan and Inspector Bauer inside. After they were seated, Harry asked what this was about.

“Actually, Mr. Potter, Miss Bones, I represent the Austrian Magical Law Enforcement Department and liaise with the Federal Force. At AMLED, we try to prevent the sort of ‘incident’ that happened yesterday. There are a total of five dead people at the Mayrhofen cableway. Two ‘muggles’ as you would call them, and three wizards. Perhaps you could explain?”

“Inspector, we came here to relax and vacation. We hired a taxi to take us to Mayrhofen and rode the cableway. Halfway up, we were attacked by a wizard in the down car. The attendant in our car was killed. We managed to kill the attacker, but the car had stopped. We escaped by sliding down the emergency rope and made our way back to the base station. There, we encountered two more assailants and managed to kill them as well. Returning to our taxi, we found the driver dead. We then drove back here, first notifying the police.”

“Well, that certainly seems to fit with what we discovered. You must have destroyed their wands as well.”

“Yes, we weren’t sure if there were others involved and didn’t want the wands used against us. We suspect we were tracked from a shop in your magical alley. Someone must have recognized me.”

“Indeed, Mr. Potter, you should be more careful, you are widely known in all Europe. I would advise at least changing hotels and staying away from magical areas.”

“That’s good advice, Inspector. We will be moving on, perhaps a little earlier than planned.”

“We’ve identified the dead, and the wizards were well known practitioners of the Dark Arts and were probably affiliated with Voldemort. I’d be extremely cautious from here on if I were you. I’ve concluded the investigation and will consider the case closed. Oh, and Mr. Potter, well done. You and Miss Bones handled yourselves very well.”

"Thank you Inspector," they both replied.

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After the inspector departed, Harry turned to Susan. "We'll have to move on today. Do you have any thoughts where we should go?"

"I'd like to see Paris, Harry. We could easily lose ourselves in the population there."

"Sounds good to me. Paris, the city of romance," he said, smirking.

"I think there's train service from here. I'll enquire at the front desk," she replied. Susan had been making all the train arrangements. Harry noticed she was quite adept at it.

"I forgot to complement you yesterday," Harry said. "You handled yourself very well in a tight situation. That new wand really responds to you. I'm glad we got it. We match up very well, Susan, more than I could have ever hoped for."

She gave him a quick kiss and went back to the front desk to see about train schedules and reservations. A few minutes later, she was back.

"There's an overnight train that we can take, Harry. I've made the arrangements. The train leaves at a half five this afternoon and arrives in Paris at a half eight tomorrow morning. I reserved a compartment for us."

"Good work Susan! I don't know what I'd do without your organizational skills. Are you sure you're not a Ravenclaw?" he smirked. Harry admired smart women, Hermione being the other one that he knew.

She swatted him on the arm, pretending to be offended. "Ravenclaws aren't the only smart ones, Harry, remember that Hermione's a Gryffindor."

“Yeah, but the hat wanted to put her in Ravenclaw. Of course, the hat wanted to put me in Slytherin, so there you go. You’re just my beautiful smart Hufflepuff, and I wouldn’t trade you for anyone else.”

“You’re sweet, Harry.” She smiled, giving him a hug and kiss on the cheek. “We better pack.”

After packing and checking that they hadn’t forgotten anything, they went down to breakfast. After a leisurely breakfast, they returned to their suite. Turning on the tele, they watched the news for awhile, but it seemed to be a quiet day for news. There were storms in England, which were quite unusual for the time of year, and the usual griping about food prices. A muggle cooking show was on another channel and after watching for a few minutes, they decided that the tele was boring.

Finding themselves at loose ends for the rest of the day, they checked out and walked the short distance to an outdoor concert that had set up in a nearby park. Enjoying the music, they stayed until it was time to catch the train.

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Boarding the train, they found their compartment and settled in. The train left on time and quickly accelerated west. Watching the scenery out the window, they held hands and made small talk, each learning a bit more about the other. Susan was horrified when Harry told her about growing up with the Dursley’s. Harry, in turn, was delighted to hear that Susan had a fairly decent childhood, except for the lack of friends. Susan, like Hermione and himself, found children shied away from them, but for different reasons. Susan, because she was naturally shy.

As dinner time rolled around, they made their way to the dining car. The food was delicious and the service was excellent.

Returning to their compartment, they found the bed already made up. Closing and locking the door, Harry drew the curtains, affording them privacy and cast a silencing charm. Undressing in the close quarters,

Harry waited until Susan had finished washing and brushing her teeth, before doing the same.

Susan was waiting for him in bed, wearing only one of his T-shirts. Harry chuckled. "It looks like I've lost another T-shirt, but it looks better on you than me."

She pouted and then grinned. "What's yours, is mine if I like it, Harry. That's the way girls operate; didn't you know?"

"You sexy thing, I couldn't deny you anything, and you know it."

"Come here Harry, we have some 'unfinished' business. Now that you're my boyfriend, you don't have to worry about touching me anywhere you feel like. I'll let you know if I'm uncomfortable with what you do, and I'm definitely comfortable with anything you'll do. I love you, Harry, you're the sweetest man I've ever known."

"Susan," he choked, "You make me feel complete. You don't know how often I wished for a normal life. These past two months are probably as normal as I'll ever have. Loving you is all I ask of life."

Sinking down into the bed, they lay in each other's arms, kissing and fondling each other. the train slowly rocking them to sleep.

Sometime during the night, they both awoke. The train had stopped and all was quiet. After awhile, there was a slight jolt and the train resumed its journey. Wide-awake now, Harry found himself tangled in Susan's embrace. The T-shirt had ridden up, exposing all her charms. Giggling, she removed it and reached down to remove his boxers.

Flushed with desire, Harry helped her, exposing his rigid member. Susan's eyes went wide as she saw his fully exposed cock.

"My, Harry," she gasped, "I never realized you were so large." Her hand reached down and ran her fingers over his length, eliciting a groan from him. "We can do some things, Harry, but I'm not ready to go all the way. I'm still a virgin, and I'd like to save myself for our wedding night, but we can have fun other ways."

Harry had temporarily lost the ability to speak, seeing where her hands now were. She was stroking him gently, causing his erect cock to become even stiffer.

Groaning with desire, he pulled her to him, kissing her forehead, nose, neck and finally worked his way down to her magnificent breasts. Cupping her right breast, he lowered his mouth to the nipple and swirled the stiff nub with his tongue, finally capturing it and sucking it hungrily. With a final kiss, he transferred his attention to the other breast and nipple. She sighed in ecstasy, throwing her head back and moaning.

Susan's hands tightened on his cock and stroked him, finally lowering her head to the tip and lightly touching it with her tongue. Harry shivered at the touch and a drop of liquid found its way to the tip and onto her lips. She was a fast learner and was soon licking and slurping away, driving Harry mad with delight.

Arranging themselves on the bed with Susan on top of him, her mouth firmly on his cock, and her pussy at his face, they started pleasuring each other. This was completely new to Harry, and at first he didn't know what to do, but he readily experimented with his tongue and found the sensitive clit of his lover. Lightly sucking, he delved a finger into her pussy. Susan's hips bucked once and then started to rub. Her legs spread wide, allowing him easier access to her depths. Darting his tongue into her, he tasted her wetness. She mewled and clamped her legs around his head, locking him close, grinding her pussy into his face, bucking furiously. His arms snaked around her hips, holding on and sucking her engorged clit. Meanwhile Susan was taking him fully into her mouth, bobbing up and down furiously, working her hands around his testicles, stroking, lightly squeezing them. He couldn't last much longer.

"S-Susan! I'm gonna come. I can't hold it."

Susan was too far gone to answer him, her own orgasm on the brink. They both climaxed at the same time, Susan swallowing greedily and Harry slurping happily. Harry continued to pleasure her and she came again in a screaming orgasm. Panting heavily, they finally rolled apart, fully sated.

“Harry, that was great! You did something I never expected.”

Turning around, they held each other close, kissing and tasting themselves on each other.

“Merlin, Susan, I didn’t know it could be so good! You were fantastic! Where did you learn that?”

She giggled. “Harry, my mother had a collection of trashy novels stashed away and I found them. I learned a lot from them, judging by your reactions. You learned fast as well. That was the first time I’ve had an orgasm like that.”

Finally exhausted, they fell into a deep sleep, waking up just before the train pulled into Paris.

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Chapter 7: Romantic Paris

Cleaning up after last night's 'exertions', Harry and Susan quickly dressed and prepared to de-train.

The morning air in Paris was cool, with a cloudy sky and threat of rain. The crowded station afforded them the anonymity they needed. The last thing they wanted was to be recognised. Unfortunately, that was not to be, as a squeal and a loud "Harry!" was heard. Running up to them were two silver blonde witches that Harry immediately recognized as Fleur Delacour and her sister Gabrielle.

"Hi Fleur, Gabrielle. What are you two doing here?" Harry asked.

Fleur answered, "We were going to pick up our mother. She had to see her sister in ze muggle 'ospital."

Fleur's English had improved dramatically, but she still had a bit of an accent.

"You remember Susan Bones, don't you?" Harry asked.

"Of course, your aunt is head of ze DMLE; no?

"Yes," Susan answered painfully, "Aunt Amelia is now my only surviving relative. My parents were killed in June."

Fleur's hand flew to her mouth in horror, as she gasped, "I remember now, I'm so sorry. We read about it in ze paper."

Gabrielle joined in at this point. "So, what are you two doing here?"

Gabrielle's English was much better than her sister was, they noticed.

"We're on holiday," Harry answered, "and we really don't want people to know where we are. Can you keep it a secret? We ran into a spot of trouble in Austria and Susan wanted to see Paris."

Gabrielle noticed the promise rings and squealed. "Ooh, you have promise rings! So, you and Susan?"

Harry blushed, but Susan proudly held up her hand for the two witches to see. "Yes, Harry and I are together now. He's been so sweet and has really helped me with my parents deaths."

"We just got off the train from Austria, is there somewhere we could talk that's a bit more private?" Harry asked.

"Where are you staying?" Fleur questioned. "Oh, how silly of me, if you are trying to remain anonymous, you muzn't tell us."

"Oh, that's okay, we haven't made arrangements yet," Harry told them.

"Oh, but you must stay with us zen! We have lots of room at ze manor."

"Fleur, we don't want to impose..." Harry began.

"It is no imposition. It is settled then! You will come 'ome with us. There is mother now. Mère, c'est ici!" Fleur called.

Appoline Delacour was a beautiful blonde, middle aged woman and after introductions, confirmed that Harry and Susan would be staying with them.

"I 'ave heard so much about you 'Arry." Madame Delacour said enthusiastically. "You saved my precious Gabrielle, we cannot ever repay you."

Harry mumbled a reply, saying he did it unthinkingly; she was never in any danger.

"Oh, but you are mistaken 'Arry. Ze Merpeople are enemies of Veela and would 'ave killed her if she were not rescued in time. Dumbledore should 'ave known zat," she continued. "Gabrielle and our family owe you a life debt!"

Susan gasped at this bit of news. How could the Headmaster not know this?

“One more thing the Headmaster will have to account for,” Harry replied angrily.

Monsieur Delacour was waiting outside the station in a black limousine. He was a short plump wizard with a pointed black beard. Introductions were made and they drove away. Driving through the French countryside outside Paris, Harry noticed a magnificent manor in the distance. It shimmered in the early morning light. The sun broke through the clouds and they started to dissipate, warming the day.

“Is that...? Susan started to ask.

“Zis is our ‘ome, ‘Arry and Susan; welcome to Delacour Manor!” Madame Delacour replied.

“It’s magnificent,” Harry breathed. The manor was four floors high situated in rolling country. The fields were a verdant green with many trees protecting the manor from storms.

As they exited the limousine, Harry and Susan noted the massive oak doors, carved with depictions of Unicorns, surrounded by strange runes. The doors were flung open and a small house elf, garbed in an elaborately gilded uniform greeted them.

“Master Delacour, Mistress and young Misses, lunch will be served shortly. Your guests will be shown their rooms by Penny.” Another small house elf appeared, obviously ‘Penny’.

“Follow Penny, Harry and Susan. She will settle you in your rooms and then await for you when you are ready to eat,” Fleur told them.

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After lunch, Harry and the three girls toured the estate. Fleur pointed out the swimming pool (large enough to hold dozens of guests), the stables (ten horses could be seen in separate stalls), the tennis courts and a truly magnificent garden.

As they toured, Harry notices several house elves tending the garden. Susan, picking up on this enquired, "How many house elves live here, Fleur?"

Gabrielle answered, "Oh, we have twenty house elves. They pretty much run the estate. It does get a bit lonely here sometimes; especially in the summer. Few people drop by, now that Voldemort is back. He's organized the Death Eaters in France and everyone pretty much stays at home now."

"We used to have balls and horse back riding and fox hunts in the summer," Fleur continued. "Now, we just stay close to the manor. The wards are strong, so no Death Eaters have dared enter, but we know we are targets."

"Papa works at the ministry, so he's gone a lot," Gabrielle continued. "Maman misses all her friends, but it's too dangerous to go anywhere and all her friends are afraid to come over."

"We had to escort Maman to the trains, but we were really nervous sitting here by ourselves. I hope you two will stay for the rest of the summer," Fleur pleaded.

"That's very kind of you to offer, Fleur, we don't have any other plans, although we'd like to tour the city a bit. Susan and I have never been here before."

"Maybe we can plan an excursion with one or both of you," Susan suggested. "Surely it should be safe enough with the four of us. We both have unregistered wands, so we can defend ourselves if we're attacked. Harry's very good with his wand."

Fleur chuckled at that. "Harry is good with which wand, Susan?"

Susan blushed a deep red, muttering about French humour. Deciding to 'push the envelope', she responded. "Oh Harry's wands are well used; both of them." The Delacour's didn't need to know that Harry had two magic wands. Then again, Harry's third 'wand' was pretty good with magic too, she thought, smiling to herself.

Gabrielle was scandalized, understanding the double entendre. Her hopes for a marriage with Harry just went up in smoke. Susan apparently had firmly inserted herself in Harry's life. The promise ring meant nothing, but if they were already intimate... And, Harry was seemingly immune to Veela charms, as attested to by Fleur. Her heart broke at the unfairness of it all.

Fleur, sensing Gabrielle's distress, quickly changed the subject. "I think we can arrange something. There is a costume ball at the French ministry next week. I'm sure Papa can get us invitations."

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After a fine dinner with the Delacour's, Harry and Susan retired to their rooms. Not wishing to be apart from his beautiful girlfriend, Harry quickly sneaked into her room.

Susan was just bemoaning the fact of separate rooms, when Harry entered and closed the door. Not knowing how soundproof the room was, he cast a silencing spell on the room.

Harry had learned a lot of useful spells last year, with the help of Hermione. His bushy haired friend would be upset, now that he was with Susan, but Harry's heart told him that Susan was the right choice. He always suspected that Hermione harboured a secret love for Harry. That was really a shame, since he had really never acted on his thoughts for Hermione. She was one of his best friends, but he couldn't think of her now. She had been hurt badly last year in school due to his own foolishness. Now he was distancing himself from all those he'd hurt. Ron, Hermione, Neville, Ginny, Luna. He dared not think of them, else he would sink back into despair. Susan was different somehow. She was courageous like a Gryffindor, smart like a Ravenclaw and loyal beyond belief. That, coupled with how beautiful she had become, settled it. Susan was the one he would spend his life with!

Smirking, Harry crossed the room and pulled her into a deep kiss. Breaking away he said, "You don't think I'd let you sleep alone, do you? Certainly not after last night."

Smiling, Susan led him to the bed. "Harry, I was afraid the Delacour's would not approve..."

Harry growled. "They'll just have to accept it Susan, I'm not sleeping alone when my girlfriend is right next door! This is France, after all. They accept some things a lot easier than stodgy old England."

Susan giggled at this and pulled him down on the bed. "Is my boyfriend a bit randy tonight," she teased. "I think he has way too many clothes on!"

Susan had already dressed in a filmy negligee, which hid nothing. Harry felt his erection growing and quickly shed his clothes. Kneeling over her, he wondered how he was going to keep his promise to not take her virginity. She was so hot and looking at her, his arousal nearly did him in. It was with a supreme effort that he forced his mind to think of other ways to please her.

"Harry, I-I think I'm ready to t-take the final step," she stuttered. "I learned the contraceptive spell, and I want you so badly, I can't wait any longer."

"Susan, are you sure? We don't have to do this if you're not sure."

"I'm more than sure, Harry, I need you in me! Please don't hurt me, Harry. Go slow, I know it'll sting the first time, but I'm ready."

Harry didn't need further urging. Carefully removing her negligee, he lay her back down, bringing his mouth to her lips in a passionate kiss. He moved to her cheek and trailed soft kisses down her throat, nipping at her pulse point. Hearing her moan, he kissed her chest, moving to her right breast, still kissing. Laving the nipple, he felt it harden under his tongue and drew it into his mouth, sucking eagerly. She had wonderful breasts, large for a girl of her stature and the pink nipples were prominent. His lips wandered to the other breast and he ministered to it as well, his hand massaging the other nipple. By this time, she was moaning loudly, little cries escaping her pink lips, as she writhed under him.

“Please Harry!” she moaned, but he only moved down further, licking and exploring her soft belly before caressing her pussy with his hand. Transferring his mouth to her wet sex, he licked and delved his tongue into her soft folds.

Susan’s words were incoherent now, her body bucking fiercely as his fingers thrust into her. Her orgasm shook her to the core, and he finally moved to position his member at her opening. He hoped that she had done the spell, and asked her. She numbly nodded her head, her hands wrapping around his rigid cock. She stroked him and guided him into her. She was tight and he felt her barrier resist. Carefully pushing slowly, the head slowly broke her hymen. She winced as he entered her, but the pain quickly subsided, to be replaced with growing pleasure.

Sinking slowly deeper into her he withdrew slightly, allowing her to relax her muscles and accept his engorged cock. A slow thrust and she responded, drawing him back into her. Slowly he set the rhythm of his thrusts, meeting her hips as they bucked upwards. The pleasure was intense and he knew he couldn’t last much longer.

“Slow down Susan, make it last,” he groaned.

Their pace slowed and he kissed her, his tongue searching for hers. He was driving her wild and her hips started moving faster, not caring. He knew he was close but he managed to wait for her, holding back until he felt her body clench around him. He was lost. Succumbing to the pleasure, he pumped furiously, driving his cock hard into her until he spasmed and shot a hot stream into her, pulsing over and over again. She came at the same time, greedily accepting his sperm, her body vibrating with pleasure at the intense orgasm.

Collapsing on to her, he held her until their hearts slowed and their breathing returned to normal.

“Wow!” was all he could say.

“Merlin, Harry, that was wonderful!” She gasped. “I had no idea sex could be that intense.”

“Susan,” he said shakily, “If this is what it’s like, I never want to get out of bed!”

Holding each other, they soon fell asleep, their dreams as pleasant as any young lovers could have. During the night, Harry awoke and gazed at his beautiful lover. He marveled how much his life had changed in so short a time. As he lay propped on one elbow, he noticed Susan’s eyes open.

“Again?” she asked, softly.

Kissing her tenderly, he drew her close, rolling her on top of him. She straddled him, her legs on either side of his hips. Her hand guided his rock hard erection into her. As her sheath settled down on him, she sat up, increasing the pleasure and began to rock her hips, rotating them and grinding against him.

Harry reached up and caressed her breasts, drawing a soft moan from her. Her nipples hardened and he sat up, still fully in her. His mouth found her left nipple and he took it, sucking and swirling his tongue around the stiff nub.

“Oh, Harry, that feels so good!” she moaned. He transferred his mouth to the other breast, drawing the nipple in and lightly nipping it. “OH!” she gasped. Her hips bucked hard and her head flung back in ecstasy.

Harry reached down between them and stroked her clit, driving her into a frenzy. Susan was incoherent now, teeth clenched, driving her hips up and down faster and faster. Harry knew he wouldn’t last long at this rate and rolled them over so that he was above her. She wrapped her legs tightly around his, bucking fiercely.

“Faster, Harry! Oh, Oh, I’m almost there. Come for me Harry!”

Their hips were in perfect sync, driving towards an explosive climax. How Harry managed to hold off, he couldn’t say, but Susan came twice before he finally succumbed, sending his seed deep into her.

They made love twice more that night, each time as glorious as the first, finally falling back asleep just before dawn. They slept until noon and after showering and dressing, made their way down to a very late brunch.

Fleur raised an eyebrow when they appeared, correctly guessing that they had an interesting night.

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The week quickly passed, with Fleur teaching Harry and Susan how to play tennis. Harry was a quick learner and was soon returning serves accurately. Susan had played before, but not for some years. She quickly picked it up again and they were soon plying doubles with Fleur and Gabrielle. They mostly lost, but did managed to beat the French Veela's once. Some of the games were actually quite close, but Fleur and Gabrielle had played together for years, and their experience showed.

They also went horseback riding, Harry taking to it naturally and Susan gamely managing to keep up. Both were sore from the unaccustomed exercise afterward.

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The Ministerial Ball was fast approaching and Susan complained that she didn't have anything to wear. Harry smirked to himself, fantasizing what she would look like dancing naked in his arms. Fortunately, Madame Delacour had a personal seamstress that was able to make a gorgeous dress for Susan in time for the ball. It was a powder blue creation, flaring at the hips with a tight bodice and bare back. Harry was entranced.

The night of the ball, a chauffeur picked them all up and drove them to the French Ministry ballroom.

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Chapter 8: Holidays End

Entering the ballroom, Harry and Susan were nervous. The room was packed with witches and wizards. Aside from the Delacour's, Harry didn't recognize anyone. Susan however, spotted what looked suspiciously like Rita Skeeter.

"Harry," she whispered, "I think I caught a glimpse of Rita Skeeter."

Harry groaned. "Great! Just who I need to bump into. NOT! Steer me away from her. Lets hope..." But luck, as usual, wasn't with him.

"Harry!" Rita exclaimed. "I had no idea you would be here!" She gave him a fake smile and reached for her Quick Quills. "You've managed to disappear all summer, Harry, nobody seems to know where you are. And Susan Bones! My, my, and hanging on tightly to Harry. Come on Harry, I smell a juicy story here."

At that moment, Monsieur Delacour stepped up. "How did you get in here Miss Skeeter? This ball was by invitation only. I don't remember you being on the list, and I would remember, since I made the list!" he said angrily.

Rita shrank under his tirade, but tried to bluster her way. "Ah, well, you see..."

"Enough, you wretched woman. Be gone or the Aurors will escort you to a very unsavory place!"

A sour look came to her face. She really wanted an exclusive interview, but wasn't prepared to risk her life for it. Scowling, she quickly left. 'At least,' she thought, 'I know where Mr. Potter is, and who he's with. This could still make a juicy story. Maybe I'll hang around and see where they go afterwards.'

"Disgusting woman! Sorry for that Harry and Susan," M. Delacour apologised.

"Thank you for rescuing us sir. Rita Skeeter has been a thorn in my side for quite some time now."

After M. Delacour left, Harry asked Susan for the next dance. The music started up with a slow waltz and Harry guided Susan to the dance floor. Wrapping their arms around one another, they let the music guide them, gliding gracefully across the floor, lost in each other's arms. Susan tucked her head into Harry's shoulder, sighing contentedly. When the music changed to a more lively tune, they made their way to the side where refreshments were.

Glancing around, Harry saw Fleur in the arms of a dashing lad, who clearly had eyes for no one else. Harry snickered and Susan raised an eyebrow in question. "Fleur's a part Veela, Susan. She could charm a snake into the fire, if she set her mind to it. The poor lad doesn't stand a chance," he smirked.

"She doesn't affect you though I notice," she replied.

"Nah, somehow I'm immune to her. I already have the most beautiful girl in the world, why would I even look at her?"

Grinning at the complement, she reached his face and kissed him soundly. "Right answer Potter."

As the night wore on, Harry and Susan danced, loving the closeness of the bond they had formed.

Harry danced one dance each with Fleur and Gabrielle. Fleur was a superb dancer and it was all he could do to keep up. Gabrielle was as different from her sister as was possible. Trembling in his arms, Harry practically had to hold her up. She seemed in awe of him, but afterwards thought it might be something else. Susan set him straight. "Gabrielle is in love with you Harry!"

This brought him up short. "What!" he exclaimed. "She's way too young for me. She's at least six years younger than me!"

"Nevertheless, a girl can always tell. She's a Veela, Harry, they mature much faster than we do."

"Merlin, this could be awkward."

“Don’t worry about it love, Fleur noticed and is talking to her.”

Sure enough, he saw Fleur was scolding the young girl. Her head was downcast and she looked like she could cry.

‘Poor Gabby,’ he thought.

Gabrielle was subdued after that and when they left to go back to the manor, she was unusually quiet.

Halfway home, the car suddenly stopped. “Merde!” shouted the driver. “Death Eaters!” On the road ahead, about twenty cloaked men approached, firing spells at the car. Fortunately, the limousine had sturdy wards protecting it. Seeing that their curses seemed to have no effect, they started throwing powerful bludgeoning spells. The protection held; but was slowly weakening. Harry and Susan had both their wands and opening the windows, fired powerful cutting spells back at the hooded figures. Two fell quickly and Harry picked two more of as they tried to make their way around the side of the car. Susan send a bludgeoning spell at two more, flinging them fifty feet away. The crumpled to the ground and lay still, their backs broken. Fleur was sending some strange orange spell at their attackers and three more died. Nine attackers were down and M. Delacour was calling for backup from the Aurors. Harry managed to kill two more with a severing spell that blew a hole in their chests. Suddenly it was over. A team of Aurors arrived and finished the job. Ensnaring five in nets and stunning the rest.

Shakily, Susan held on to Harry’s arm, her heart racing. Harry turned and gathered her in his arms. “It’s over, love, you were great! You didn’t panic.”

“H-Harry, I was scared out of my wits.”

“It’s okay to be scared,” he soothed. “It tells me that you’re alive.”

She gave him a weak smile and hugged him for all she was worth. Harry was glad he had her with him. She wouldn’t freeze under

pressure. She was a much stronger witch than he could ever have hoped for. 'I'm so lucky to have her. She's so amazing.'

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When they got home, Fleur and Gabrielle hugged Harry and Susan, thanking them profusely. "I don't know what we would have done without you two tonight," Fleur told them.

Gabrielle was still in shock. "Y-you saved us again Harry. I froze. I was useless. Without you, we would surely be dead now."

"Don't beat yourself Gabby, lots of people older than you would have done the same. Thank Fleur for helping. We might not have been so lucky without her help. Don't forget your father summoned the Aurors. We might not have made it without them," Harry admonished.

M. Delacour was also profuse in his thanks. "You two did a magnificent job defending us. I'm recommending an award for outstanding bravery for the both of you."

"Sir, we were just defending ourselves," Harry said modestly. I think Susan and Fleur did much braver things than I did. Susan was terrified, but still managed to kill three fully grown wizards, as did Fleur."

"Nevertheless, I will recommend the Award of Bravery for your efforts to protect me and my family. And please call me Marcelle, children."

"Thank you sir... er, Marcelle. But I'm sure we hardly earned it. I think we'd best be off to bed. Goodnight Marcelle, Fleur, Gabrielle."

Climbing the stairs to their bedrooms, Harry fell into bed as soon as he undressed. Slipping into Harry's room, Susan climbed into bed with him. She had stripped down to her negligee but discarded it at the foot of Harry's bed. Now naked, she spooned against him, front to front. Scooting as close to him as she could, she wrapped her leg over him, her breasts pressing his chest, and her arms reaching behind him to cup his bum. She wiggled her hips against his growing erection and settled her other hand on his cock, stroking him lightly.

Harry moaned and whispered her name. "Susan, sweet Susan, my Susan."

She was moist already, and as they kissed, she guided him into her. Harry's hands found her arse and kneaded it as he slowly worked his shaft into her. "Harry, make love to me slowly tonight."

Tenderly, he pressed into her, slowly withdrawing, only to slowly stroke deeper into her once more. She responded, fitting her movements to him, slowly building the pleasure and then easing off before losing control. Again and again they brought each other slowly to the brink, only to ease off before tipping over the edge. They kept this up for two hours, before they could hold back no more and began crashing their hips together in a frenzy of passion, finally climaxing and falling asleep with Harry still hard within her.

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The days passed and the nights were heavenly for the two. Fleur and Gabrielle taught them Archery, with both teens quickly becoming quite good at it. Fleur instructed them in the art of fencing. Both were rubbish at it, but finally got the essentials down. In the end, Harry decided that fencing was a useful sport and would ask Professor Flitwick if he could train them. Harry had heard that the tiny wizard was a former dueling master.

Harry was determined to learn French and although Fleur offered to teach him, Harry thought it best to learn it magically. Susan already spoke some French and also wanted to be proficient in that and several other languages. After all, they would be traveling more, now that Harry was emancipated.

Marcelle had presented them with a silver Award of Bravery medal to them both, kissing them both on the cheeks and presenting them with a parchment scroll thanking them, signed by the French Minister of Magic. Marcelle had found out that Harry was Lord Potter and Lord Black and introduced him to the Minister of Magic, who seemed quite taken with the young boy.

Finally, they were at the end of their holidays. Thanking the Delacour's for their hospitality, tears of joy shining in their eyes, they said their adieu's and boarded a plane back to London.

Arriving at Heathrow, the teens boarded the London Underground for the train ride to the centre of London.

They made their way to Gringotts. Harry wanted to consult with Griphook on the location of his properties.

As they entered Gringotts, a surprised witch greeted them. "Harry!" Hermione flung herself at him, hugging him in her patented Granger hug. Susan eyed Hermione suspiciously.

"So, Harry, you and Susan?"

Harry smiled awkwardly. "Yeah. We got together over the summer and exchanged promise rings."

Hermione gasped when she saw the rings. 'No!' she thought. 'This isn't happening! I've waited too long for him!'

Harry noticed the sad look that quickly passed on the face. He groaned inwardly, his best friend apparently had feelings for him.

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Chapter 9: Gringotts Surprises.

Susan hoped that Hermione wouldn't come between Harry and her. Harry had known Hermione since first year and she knew they were close. 'Oooh Harry, watch out, I think Hermione wants you as bad as I do.'

She had noted the change on her face when Harry told her about them being together this summer. 'She doesn't know the whole story yet,' she thought.

Hermione stood there a moment, with a fake smile on her face, which fooled no one, then turned and walked away, tears starting in her eyes. "How could I have been such a fool," she muttered to herself. "Susan spends a summer with Harry and suddenly they're wearing promise rings. It's just so unfair!"

Harry heard this and cast his eyes down, ashamed that his best friend had never seemed more than just a friend to him. Still, Susan was the one he wanted to be with. He'd have to try to heal the hurt he saw in Hermione's eyes, but he wasn't sure how.

Meanwhile, Susan was eyeing her boyfriend, hoping he wasn't having second thoughts.

Breaking out of his funk, Harry pulled Susan close, whispering, "You know that you're the one, right? You're the one that captured my heart. Hermione may be my best friend, but it's you that I love!"

"Harry," she sighed. I know Hermione also loves you. You could see it in her eyes. She's a smart girl, you'll need her more than ever now. I just won't share you with her. You're mine now and I want you to know that I love you more than life itself. We've been through a lot this summer, and if not for you, I'd probably be dead now. Now, let's go and see the goblins. I'd like to see what your house looks like."

"Houses, Susan. I own at least two properties, A house that was my parents, and Sirius' place. It's under a fidelius charm, but I think I can tell you the secret. I'll have to check with Griphook first."

Walking up to the head teller, Harry asked to speak with Griphook. "And whom may I ask is calling?" sneered the goblin. "Griphook is a very busy goblin.

"Lord Potter and Lord Black," Harry answered respectfully.

"Please excuse my rudeness Lord Potter-Black. I did not recognise you. Griphook has been appointed as your financial officer at the bank and he handles only your accounts.

Presently, Griphook appeared, bowing to Harry and Susan. "How may I help you Lord Potter-Black?"

"Good day Griphook, may your gold increase daily. Please call me Harry.

"Of course Harry. Would you please follow me to my office?"

Harry and Susan entered an ornate office, next door to Director Ragnok's. After seating themselves in comfortable armchairs, Griphook looked at them expectantly.

Harry thought a minute and then asked, "We need to know if the fidelius charm at Grimmauld Place was transferred to me. What other properties do I own? Also, do you have an accounting of my net worth yet?"

Griphook drummed his long fingers on the desk for a minute, sorting through his mind. Harry's questions. "First," he replied slowly, "I am quite sure that you now have complete control of Grimmauld Place. The fidelius charm has been removed on the orders of Director Ragnok. Since Albus Dumbledore was the secret keeper, the director demanded that the Order vacate the premises. The fidelius charm was then removed. The wards still guard the place, but only the current Lord Black can enter or authorise entry. I'm given to understand Albus Dumbledore was quite upset when asked to vacate. The goblin guards enforced the removal of the fidelius charm.

"Second, your property holdings are quite extensive. Besides Potter Manor and Grimmauld Place, you own twenty-seven other properties

or businesses. Most of these are from your parents acquisitions, but include a majority interest in a five star hotel in Niece France, one vacation retreat in the Bahamas and one in Greece, the now collapsed house in Godric's Hollow, a townhouse in Brighton, a nice flat in London, and an apartment in New York City. The business holdings are quite varied. You own Quality Quidditch Supplies in Diagon Alley, and are part owners of five other Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade businesses. I can detail them if you want. The remainder are muggle businesses throughout Britain and the continent. Mainly in Switzerland and France. You will have a detailed listing, specifying how to reach each property by secure owl when you return to school.

"Third, Your net worth is currently two thousand million, one hundred thousand, and sixty Galleons. (That's two American billion). You are now, officially the richest wizard, period."

Both Susan and Harry gasped at that.

"And it's growing at the rate of seven and a half percent," finished the goblin.

"What does the bank charge for handling this account, Griphook?" Harry questioned.

"Oh, we take one and a half percent of the accumulated profit in any transaction, not including interest."

"That seems low," Harry told the goblin. "I think you should personally get a cut of that too. Say, another half percent from the seven and a half percent? It should inspire you to invest more aggressively."

Griphook's eyes widened at this generosity from a client. Normally he was paid a flat salary. This could turn out very well for him. "Your generosity is most overwhelming Harry. I will endeavor to earn every Galleon of it. Is there anything else?"

"Yes, we'd like to have a look at the main Potter vault, if you don't mind."

“Of course, Harry. We’ve amalgamated all the vaults into one, so you don’t have to keep track of them all.”

Following the goblin, he lead the teens to a cart and started the descent into the secure ancient vault cavern. Arriving at vault number twenty-four, Griphook stepped out and beckoned the teens to follow him. Stopping to imprint his hand on a stone icon, Griphook continued a short distance down a second cavern that apparently held the vaults wards. The main vault door required Harry’s blood signature which Harry provided by a small needle prick. As the door opened; Harry and Susan entered, shocked to find nothing inside.

Griphook chuckled and explained: “This is only the outer door, Harry, the main door is hidden. You will need to approach the wall on your right and place your right palm on the small stone orb sitting on the pedestal.”

Doing just that, Harry felt the orb warm suddenly as it recognised him. A great rumbling traveled through the vault and the wall vanished. The room was filled floor to ceiling with pile on pile of gold Galleons. Paintings and books were stored farther back in the vault, along with mountains of jewels. Walking around in the vault, Harry and Susan were stunned. He didn’t believe so much money existed. The immensity of it was too much to comprehend. Susan wandered around in the vault, dazed. Harry was truly wealthy beyond her wildest imaginings.

“H-Harry?” she stuttered. “This is too much! I can’t begin to get a grasp on this kind of wealth.”

“I know, Susan, it really is too much. I’d rather have my parents and Sirius back than all this.”

Wandering at bit more, Susan spotted what looked like a diary. “Harry, this looks like a diary, it’s inscribed LE-P. Would this be your mother’s?”

“Lily Evans-Potter! Let me see it Susan!” Harry called excitedly.

As she handed it to him, she could see tears well up in his eyes at the thought that this was the one solid link to his past.

“I’m taking this with us, Susan, see if you can find something like a jewel box. I’m sure my mother would have kept her most valuable things in there.

“Over here Harry,” Susan called. “It’s quite large, Harry and I can’t open it.”

Walking over to the small chest, Harry touched the lock and it opened, apparently keyed so only a Potter could open it. Inside were several rings, pendants and bracelets and a magnificent tiara. Harry spotted a large gold ring, obviously a man’s ring. Engraved in a large emerald was a stylized P.

Griphook examined the ring at Harry’s request and said, “This is the Potter Signet Ring, Harry. The symbol of the Potter family, You will need this to take your seat on the Wizengamot. I suggest you keep it here where it’s safe until you require it. Oh, I notice a smaller ring, similar to that. It must be for Lady Potter. You will have to present it to her when you marry. We’ve also placed the Black Signet Ring in here as well.”

Harry searched through the chest and eventually found the ring. It was a rather ugly ring, set with a ruby and a B carved into it. He also left it behind, not wanting to be reminded daily of Sirius.

“You can call these rings to you, Harry. A simple tap with your wand on your left middle finger will summon both rings. To send them back to this vault, simply tap the rings with your wand and say ‘return’,” Griphook told him. “No one but you can perform this act. If you die before you have an heir, the vault will seal itself permanently and not even a goblin would have access. Your future wife must bear either a son or a daughter.”

Harry blanched at this. He knew he’s have to get married within what, ten months, but he wasn’t looking forward to having children so young. His own parents waited until they left school to marry and have him.

Susan smiled as she saw the play of emotions on Harry's face. She could imagine exactly what he was thinking. "Relax Harry, those decisions are in the future. You don't have to worry about them now."

A further search through the chest found them looking at a pair of gorgeous rings. They were solid platinum with a spray of small diamonds surrounding a central ruby in one and an emerald in the other. "These must be my parent's wedding wings. I think... Susan, would you wear..." he gulped, unable to finish.

"Harry, what are you trying to say?"

"W-would you m-marry me? I know it's only two months since we've really known each other, b-but I'd..."

Susan flung herself into his arms, sobbing. "Yes, Harry, of course I'll marry you. Let's wait until Christmas please? I want to take some time to get used to this! Besides, there's a lot to plan for a wedding."

Shakily, Harry placed the rings back in the chest. He would retrieve them when the time came. Gently, he took her right hand and removed the promise ring. She gasped at this, but he placed it on her left ring finger as an engagement ring. She performed the same act and the rings glowed for a moment.

"I didn't know those rings were enchanted when we bought them Susan."

"Neither did I," she replied. "Look, they've changed colour. Both are now gold."

Griphook examined the rings. "These are special rings, where did you get them?" he asked.

"We bought them at a jewelry shop in Interlaken Switzerland," Harry responded. "It was near the dock I think."

"Hmm, I think this is the wizard section of Interlaken. The shop was probably a wizard shop that only wizards and witches could see. The

rings look similar to a pair that were made by goblins a century ago. They could even be the same rings. The initial reaction of the rings is not noticeable until the rings are placed on the lovers ring fingers. Then the power of the ring asserts itself. They form a bond with each other that is impossible to break. Try removing them,” he commanded.

Harry and Susan tried, but the rings remained firmly in place. “What does this mean, Griphook?” Harry asked, a little frightened.

“Relax, Harry,” Griphook soothed. “It just means your chosen one remains true to you. If either of you were able to remove the rings, one of you would not be your true love. It’s a promise ring in its truest meaning. You each have made a vow to love the other and the rings recognise the truth of that. The rings cannot be removed while this is true. It’ll also tell the other if the partner is unfaithful. You wouldn’t want to be the wearer of that ring,” he grinned evilly.

Harry and Susan shuddered at the goblin’s final words.

Leaving the vault, they made their way back to the main gallery of the bank.

They still had to shop for their schoolbooks and then return to Grimmauld Place.

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Chapter 10: Year Six Surprises.

Reentering Diagon Alley, Harry and Susan walked to Flourish and Blotts. The Bookstore was crowded with witches and wizards. Harry and Susan had received their Hogwarts letters while at the Delacour's. Hedwig had delivered them, since no one in Britain knew where they were.

"Susan, it's pretty crowded in here, why don't you wait outside and I'll pick up your books with mine."

"Okay, Harry, we still need a new supply of quills, parchment and ink, so don't forget."

"I won't, I'll see you in a bit."

Harry threaded his way through the crowd, checking his list. 'DADA, Potions, Transfiguration, Charms, Herbology, Astronomy, Care of Magical Creatures. That should do it, now to pay for this load and shrink it in my trunk,' he thought. 'Oops, almost forgot the writing supplies.' After gathering all his purchases, he started to make his way to the cashier.

"Well, if it isn't Potty," a familiar voice drawled. "Surely you wouldn't leave your pathetic friends behind. Don't you always shop with the Mudblood and the Blood Traitors?"

"Malfoy. Listen ferret face, let's get one thing straight. You will address me only as Lord Potter-Black, unless you want to duel. I'd be well within my rights to call you on that insult!"

Draco turned a sickly green at that. "What do you mean? You, a lord? When did this happen?"

"Don't you read the papers Draco? Or can't you read? I inherited the title from my father when I became emancipated in June."

"You're emancipated? What about the Black title?"

“Sirius Black was my godfather. He bequeathed the title and most of the estate to me.”

“My mother should have inherited the Black estate since she was a Black before her marriage.”

“Sorry, Draco, Sirius cut your mother out of his will, seems he didn't want to be associated with people who marry Death Eaters. By the way, how did your father weasel his way out of Azkaban? Bought his way out, I bet. Well, it won't do him any good. I have a little score to settle with him. Oh, didn't you know, he's wanted in Switzerland for questioning. I'm sure he can explain it all to the police there.”

Draco's face turned a bright red, as his anger rose. Turning sharply, he left the store, trembling with rage. “You'll find that the Dark Lord isn't amused with your pretensions to power,” he spat.

Smiling at the putdown he delivered to Draco, he finished paying for his purchases and deposited them in his now expanded trunk. Shrinking it once again, he slipped it into his pocket and exited the store.

Once outside, he located Susan, waiting in front of Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlour. Joining her, he suggested they have some ice cream before going to Grimmauld Place.

Harry ordered a Florean Special Sundae, with small scoops of twenty different flavours and covered with nuts, hot fudge and whipped cream, with a cherry on top.

Susan tried a much smaller concoction with vanilla ice cream and hot butterscotch topping and pecan nuts.

Finishing their treats, Harry paid and they left, arm in arm.

Leaving Diagon Alley, they caught a taxi to Grimmauld Place. The taxi driver wondered why they wanted to be dropped off in such a rough part of town, but happily took their money.

“Now for the test,” Harry said. “The wards should let me enter.” Stepping up to the door, he carefully tried the doorknob. It opened easily for him and holding Susan’s arm, he guided her inside.

“Ooh, it’s a bit creepy in here Harry.”

“Yeah, the Order of the Phoenix used this place for their headquarters until the goblins evicted them. I’ll say, they did clean it up quite a bit though. It was disgusting, the first time I was here in the summer last year.”

“What is the Order of the Phoenix, Harry?”

“Dumbledore organised it during the first war with Voldemort in 1970. He’s the head and plans the strategy to fight Voldemort.

“Dobby!” he called, and the diminutive house elf appeared with a sharp crack.

“Lord Harry Potter-Black sir called Dobby?” the elf sang hugging Harry’s legs tightly. “Oh it’s so good to see Lord Harry Potter-Black sir again. Dobby missed him.”

“Dobby, just Harry, please.”

“Yes sir, Harry sir. Oh! Miss Susan ma’am. Harry Potter has brought...” he gasped as he saw the rings. “...His Intended! The great Harry Potter is engaged to a most beautiful witch!” Dobby practically flew at Susan, hugging her tightly, tears of joy leaking from his eyes.

“Please Dobby,” Susan cried, “could you let me sit down? This place is a bit overwhelming.”

“Dobby, could you make us something to eat please, just sandwiches will do,” Harry requested.

“Dobby would be happy to make Harry Potter sir and his Miss Susan anything they’s wanting.”

After lunch, Harry showed Susan around the place. "Don't make any noise when you walk by this portrait," Harry warned, indicating a curtain covered portrait.

Unfortunately, the floor chose that moment to squeak and the curtains flew open. "Half Blood filth! Desecrators of my home!" The portrait continued to scream obscenities until Harry whipped the curtain back into place and sealed it.

"What was that, Harry?" Susan whispered, clearly not expecting a foul mouthed portrait.

"That was Sirius' mother, Walburga Black. We've been unable to remove her portrait from the wall. I've been thinking we might have to remove the wall to get rid of her."

"Let me try, Harry."

"Okay, but even Dumbledore can't get rid of the permanent sticking charm that keeps her there."

Susan approached the portrait and whispered something. The portrait screeched at her then fell silent.

Smirking, Susan said, "You can take her down now, Harry."

Dubious, Harry approached the portrait. The portrait shivered violently before Walburga's voice cried: "No, no, anything but that! Take me down!"

Shrugging his shoulders, Harry reached up and removed the disgusting portrait. "Dobby, please take this portrait and put it in the attic."

"Dobby will be only too happy to Harry Potter sir!"

"How did you do that, Susan?"

Still smirking, Susan replied. "Oh, I'm a woman, I just told her a few... 'things'..."

“What sort of ‘things’, Susan?” Harry had a feeling he really didn’t want to know.

“Um, I told her you would do all sorts of disgusting things in front of her. Seems she’s a bit of a prude,” she giggled.

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The next morning, Harry woke up to a mass of blonde hair in his face and Susan draped over him, snoring softly. Last night had been another marathon of pleasure, neither getting to sleep until after 3AM.

Groaning, Harry tried to move. “Oof, Susan, let me up.” He tried to squirm out from under her, but she held him tightly, grinding her hips into his erection, that was getting harder by the second. He gave in to the pleasure she was creating.

Her lips brushed his, smiling. “Good morning handsome, I see someone is already up!”

“Susan, you’ll be the death of me, but at least I’ll die with a smile on my face.”

Guiding him into her, they resumed what had become an enjoyable morning ritual.

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An hour later they were both in the shower, cleaning up for the trip back to school. Dressing quickly, not wanting to miss the train, they headed back downstairs.

Dobby had prepared breakfast and had their trunks repacked and ready. They had a hearty breakfast and after cleaning up, told Dobby they were ready.

Harry sent Hedwig on, telling her to meet him at Hogwarts. She hooted happily and flew out an open window.

After they had checked everything, they left and walked the short distance to an Underground station. A quick trip brought them to King's Cross, where they made their way to Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$. They still had twenty minutes until the train left, so Harry looked around for anyone they might know. It was still early and it seemed that only a few people were there.

Susan spotted Hannah and waved her over. Greeting one another, Hannah quickly spotted the engagement ring. Giving a surprised "Oh," she turned and spotted Harry with an identical ring walking back to Susan.

Confusion set in on Hannah's face. Her best friend was... engaged? To Harry Potter? "Susan!" she squealed. "When did this happen? Why didn't you tell me you and Harry were a couple? Details, girl! Now!"

Harry blushed and let the two girls get caught up. Hannah was goggle eyed at the end of the tale.

"So, you and Harry are going to get married this Christmas? Ooh, you lucky girl!"

By this time, the train was quickly filling and Harry suggested they board and find a compartment to themselves. "I'll see you later Hannah," Susan called to her friend. "Harry and I want to be alone."

Finding an empty compartment at the end of the train, Harry and Susan settled in. Hoping to be left alone, Harry pulled the curtains on the door, but minutes later, the door opened and Ron, Ginny and Hermione entered. Ron was looking furious; Ginny, curious, and Hermione was just sad.

"Um, hi guys," Harry said conversationally. "Had a nice summer?"

Ron responded first. "Like you'd care!" he retorted angrily. "Bloody Harry Potter ignores his friends after almost getting them killed! Some friend!"

“Ron! Ginny exploded. “He didn’t ask us to come with him to the Department of Mysteries!”

“Right, at least he didn’t get hurt...” Ron never finished the sentence. Susan had leapt up with her wand at his throat.

“Ronald Weasley! How dare you! Harry suffered enough last year. He didn’t want to involve you, but no, you had to tag along!”

Ron winced at this, turned and retreated from the compartment, muttering “Some friend you turned out to be!”

“Sorry about Ron, Harry and Susan. He can be an insensitive git sometimes,” Ginny apologised. “So, Susan, we’ve been hearing rumours that you and Harry are engaged and you have a ring! Let’s see!”

Hermione, turned away, afraid that it might be true, not wanting to see the evidence. Tears threatened to fall, but she knew that she didn’t want Harry to see.

Ginny squealed with delight when Susan showed her the ring. “Ooh it’s gorgeous! Harry, when did you ask her?”

Harry mumbled something, not wanting to hurt Hermione even more. Gathering his courage, he said, “Later Ginny, Susan and I have to talk to Hermione. Would you please excuse us?”

Grumbling, Ginny left and closed the door. Making sure that they weren’t disturbed, Harry cast a locking spell and silencing charm on the door.

Hermione wouldn’t look at them. ‘I won’t cry!’ she thought, but the tears started falling anyway.

Harry and Susan heard the muffled sobs and reached for her together. “Hermione, what’s wrong?” Harry asked softly. Harry and Susan hugged the distraught girl, but the tears only increased.

"H-Harry! She w-wasn't s-supposed to be..." But she couldn't continue; sobbing openly now.

"Hush, Hermione, I'm your best friend, remember?" Harry reassured her.

"B-but y-you're m-marrying her, not me!" She suddenly turned bright red, horrified at what she'd just revealed. Her hands flew to her face and she sat down on the floor with a thump. "I-I d-didn't mean... of course I'm h-happy for you H-Harry." she stuttered, trying to regain her composure, unsuccessfully.

Harry and Susan were stunned. Hermione had declared her love for Harry! The bushy haired girl had apparently held her feelings in too long and they all came out in a rush.

Gulping back the tears, she rushed on. "I-I've loved you since first year and the troll incident. Then the Chamber of Secrets, I knew you were the one. The Basilisk: I wanted to warn you. When I found out you killed it and defeated V-Voldemort again, I was happier than I could believe. Sirius' escape was the final adventure that bound my heart to you. Last year, I wanted to tell you, but you were with Cho and I was afraid of I-losing you forever. This summer I was determined to tell you I loved you but nobody could find you. And then, y-you showed up at Gringotts with Susan. I knew I had waited too long!"

Susan was in tears at this admission from Hermione. How could she hate her when she'd practically lived with Harry all these years. Looking at Harry for support, Susan sent a wordless plea.

Harry finally understood. He mentally kicked himself for not seeing the truth. With a nod, he urged Susan to do what he suspected.

Hugging her, Susan rubbed her back, rocking her and soothing her with soft words. "Hermione, maybe we can work something out. These rings bind Harry and me. They're goblin made, maybe the goblins can extend the charm to include you. I love Harry more than life, but I-I would be w-willing to share. I see now how much you two mean to each other. I think I'd always known. Everyone expected you

two to be together, then when Harry came to me, I couldn't believe I could be so lucky.

"Susan, You know I love you. The rings say I can't be untrue to you. Maybe if the goblins made another ring...?"

Hermione looked up, hopefully. "Harry, Susan, I-I don't know what to say."

"Let me ask the goblins first, Hermione. Ragnok has been very good to us so far. Griphook seems to be the expert on the rings. Meanwhile, we can still be very good friends, can't we?"

"Susan, are you sure you're okay with this? I mean, this will change everything."

"Yes, Harry," they both chorused.

The train rolled on. Both witches sandwiched Harry between them, holding on tight.

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Chapter 11: Hogwarts

As the Hogwarts Express rolled to a stop at Hogsmeade station, the students detrained. Hagrid herded the first years into the boats and set off across the lake.

Harry, Susan and Hermione managed to find an empty carriage and joined the throng.

Hermione was over her crying jag, but was still unsure what would happen now. She wanted this to work, but she also knew Harry, and Harry was now an unknown. Susan. What did she really know about the pretty Hufflepuff? Would Susan really share Harry? Oh why didn't she pursue Harry years ago? Was she jealous of Susan? She had to admit to herself that she was. 'I'll have to work on that,' she thought.

Susan eyed Harry. She was so sure of his love for her, but now there was Hermione. She could share. It would be hard, very hard, she admitted to herself. 'After all, Harry had known Hermione for years and was the smartest witch in school. Even Padma, in Ravenclaw, couldn't match Hermione's brilliance,' she thought.

Harry sat back, still sandwiched between the two witches, afraid to even think. If he thought too much about Hermione, would the ring detect a failure to be true to Susan? He shivered at the thought. Griphook never spelled out what would happen. He had to see Griphook, better still Director Ragnok as soon as possible before disaster struck. Sweating profusely, Harry closed his eyes, afraid to look at either witch. He knew his feelings for Susan. 'Susan! Concentrate on Susan!' he thought. 'Hermione's just a friend. A very good friend, and you love her too. No! No! Don't think of that, think of Susan.' His mind was betraying him. 'Soon the ring would...' "Arrgh!" Harry screamed. "I can't, my mind can't handle this!"

Susan and Hermione sat bolt upright, startled by Harry's outburst.

"Harry, what's wrong?" the two witches said together.

"Please! It's too much! I'm afraid of the ring. I have to get this sorted out now. Hermione, please understand, I love Susan. The rings we

wear will know if either is untrue to the other. They're goblin made and Griphook said bad things will happen to an untrue lover. I have to go to Gringotts immediately, I mean we three have to go! Hogwarts will have to do without us for a few hours. The Thestrals pulling the carriages... They could take us."

"Thestrals Harry? I still can't see them," Hermione stated.

Susan could though. "That's a good idea Harry. How do we get them to stop?"

"I'll climb on one of their backs and hold the reigns. Doing so, he brought the carriage to a halt. Susan and Hermione exited the carriage and waited for Harry to unhitch the beasts. When he had that accomplished, he helped Susan and Hermione up on one of the Thestrals and hopped up in front of the girls. Hermione was between Harry and Susan, since she couldn't see the Thestral.

Speaking to the beast, Harry calmly said "Gringotts", and the Thestral unfolded its wings and took to the air.

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"Oh, I really don't like this Harry," Hermione said shakily. "You know me and flying. I can't even see what I'm flying on!

"It's okay Hermione," Susan soothed. "With Harry and me sandwiching you, you're perfectly safe. We can both see the Thestral."

On they flew at a rapid pace. It was cold and Hermione hugged Harry tightly, partly for warmth and partly in fear of falling. Susan hugged Hermione to keep them both warm. Harry tried to shut the two girls out of his mind, but the warm body of Hermione pressed tightly against his back, made that hard to do. He could feel her breasts hard against his back, her nipples rigid with fright.

'Stop it!' he thought. 'Concentrate on getting to Gringotts!'

After what seemed like hours, but was in reality only an hour, they arrived in Diagon Alley. Dismounting, the teens walked quickly to the bank. Gringotts didn't keep muggle banking hours, they were always open. At this time of evening, however, there were very few people inside.

Locating a goblin, Harry asked if Griphook was available.

Presently Griphook greeted them, noting that there were three, let by his most important client. "Good evening Harry, how may I serve you this evening. I notice you have Miss Bones and Miss Granger with you."

Harry was unsure how to start and stood nervously for a moment before gathering his courage. "Er... good evening Griphook. I, that is we have a slight problem. Nothing really serious," Harry was nervously fingering his ring, casting glances at the girls, before looking down at the floor. 'Come on Potter,' he thought, 'Get it over with.' Um, Griphook, you mentioned about the rings and the binding... uh... of the two lovers?"

"Yes Harry, you've bonded with Miss Bones. So what is the problem and why is Miss Granger here?"

"Oh, Harry! Honestly!" Susan huffed. "Griphook, is there any way to modify the binding to include Hermione in the bond with us?"

Griphook blinked. This was the first time Harry had seen a goblin blink and it was quite disturbing. Goblins never blinked.

"Lord Potter-Black! What you are asking is certainly possible, but are you sure? It could be very dangerous. I never told you the consequences of infidelity before because I sensed you and Miss Bones were so deeply in love that the question would never arise. This is very serious Harry, the goblin continued. With a three way bond, the magic is shared three ways. If anything breaks the bond of trust between the three participants, all would be killed!" Think carefully on this, young Lord. Once done, it cannot be undone. Love is the deciding factor. In your case, you must love both equally. Miss Bones and Miss Granger must both love you equally as well. Respect

between all three is essential, for without these key ingredients, the bond will fail catastrophically.”

Harry knew he could love both girls equally, both had qualities he needed desperately. Both had declared their love for him unconditionally. Susan was amazing in her loyalty and love. Hermione was brilliant and protective of him. Why had he not seen the love there as well? He could make this work! He knew it deep in his soul.

“I’ve thought about this carefully, Griphook. If the girls are willing, I’d like another ring for Hermione to match Susan’s.”

“Miss Granger?” Griphook asked. “Are you sure about this?”

Gathering her courage, she answered. “Yes, Griphook. I’ve loved Harry for years. I was afraid to declare it until this afternoon. I can share with Susan, there’s more than enough love to go around.”

“Very well. Miss Bones? Re you willing to share Harry with Miss Granger?”

“Yes Griphook,” Susan answered firmly, no longer in doubt.

“Very well, I need you three to join hands. I can reproduce the ring from stock that we have. If you will excuse me for a moment, I will retrieve it.”

Several minutes later, Griphook returned with the ring. It was identical to Susans, except it was the same platinum as the originals were.

“Harry, you must place the ring on Miss Grangers ring finger and request her hand in marriage, the same as you did for Miss bones. The three of you are to then hold hands to complete a circle. Miss Bones on your left and Miss Granger on your right. I will then set the charm and you three will be bonded. Now is the time to withdraw if you have any doubts.”

Seeing firm determination in all three, he gave Harry the ring.

“Hermione Jane Granger, will you marry me?” Harry asked shakily.

“Oh YES, Harry,” she beamed.

Placing the ring on her finger, he felt the glow. His own ring heated immediately.

“Quickly, join hands,” Griphook urged, “Time is short now!”

Harry felt his ring begin to heat painfully as he quickly joined hands with the girls.

“Hurry Griphook, my finger feels like it’s on fire!”

Griphook quickly spoke in Goblegook, the goblin tongue. As he spoke, a golden glow started to form around the trio. Harry’s ring continued to heat and now Susan’s ring heated as well. Hermione’s ring slowly started to change colour from the silver of platinum to gold. When the ring had finished the transformation, Harry and Susan’s rings quickly cooled and the golden glow vanished.

Harry was sweating freely now. The ring had nearly burned his finger off. It would serve as a reminder the price of infidelity.

Susan and Hermione were openly weeping now and hugging one another. Harry joined the hug and kissed each girl tenderly. The unbreakable trio was formed!

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At Hogwarts, Albus was worried. Harry, Susan and Hermione were missing. They were seen leaving the train but did not arrive at the castle. Oddly enough, Hagrid reported one of the Thestrals was also missing, and the carriage they were in returned empty. The sorting of the first years was finished and the welcome banquet under way. The Gryffindor table wondered where Harry and Hermione were. Rumours abounded. Ron and Ginny were the only ones to see them, and could tell them nothing.

Ginny suspected something with the three of them, but wisely kept quiet, fearing an uproar.

Ron was just pissed off. He just knew that Harry had pulled one of his stunts again. 'Lucky git always seems to come up smelling like roses,' he thought.

The doors opened and Harry, Susan and Hermione walked in, big smiles on their faces.

Silence descended in the Great Hall. You could hear a pin drop.

Dumbledore motioned them to meet with him, the twinkle gone from his eyes. "Mr. Potter, Miss Granger, Miss Bones. I would like to see you in my office immediately."

"Certainly, Headmaster," they chorused.

Excusing himself from the rest of the teachers, he escorted the trio to his office.

Whispers, like the hissings of a snake, broke out in the Great Hall. Everybody was speculating what had happened to delay the trio's arrival for almost two and a half hours.

Upstairs, the trio entered the headmasters office behind the Professor.

"Mr. Potter..." Albus began.

"Excuse me sir," Harry interrupted. "Please, I am Lord Potter-Black, or plain Harry. Mister should not be used with my name."

"Pardon me Harry," the Headmaster apologised. "Will you please explain why you three are so very late."

The girls shifted uneasily, unsure how Harry would answer.

"We had some very urgent business to take care of, Headmaster," Harry said smoothly. He had been preparing for this meeting for an hour now.

“And what business was that, Harry? You had us all worried when you didn’t arrive at school. You were seen entering a carriage and should have arrived with the rest of the students.

“I’m sorry, Professor, that is our private business, and since we had not actually arrived at school yet, we were free to conduct that business.”

“Technically you are correct Harry, but I would still like to know. I see engagement rings on these two lovely ladies, as well as a ring on your finger. May I enquire what has happened?”

“These lovely ladies have agreed to marry me Professor, we ask that you don’t enquire further as it is a Potter-Black house matter.”

Dumbledore was flummoxed. Harry was engaged to two witches? At sixteen? Was this even legal? He was emancipated, but were they? He determined to find out. It was bad enough that he no longer had control over Harry, now he as unsure if he had any over the two girls.

“Harry, Susan, Hermione, it’s late, I think we will investigate this further tomorrow. You may return to your dormitories. Oh, and you three have been made prefects, so you should make your rounds. Miss Granger already has her badge. Here are your badges Harry and Susan. The Head Boy and Girl will apprise you of your duties. Goodnight all.”

“Goodnight Professor, they chorused. The three let out a sigh of relief, it had gone much better than they had hoped.

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Chapter 12: Settling In

The trio hadn't eaten since breakfast and were ravenous. The Great Hall was deserted... no help there.

"Dobby." Harry called, as they were walking from the now empty Hall.

With a crack, Dobby appeared and bowed low. "Harry Potter sir wishes something?" He then noticed the ring on Hermione's finger. Squealing in delight, he hugged Hermione, then bowed low. "Harry Potter's Grangy is also betrothed to the great Harry Potter?"

"Yes, Dobby. Never mind that now, can you get us something to eat? None of us has eaten since breakfast."

"Dobby would be happy to." And with that, disappeared again, only to appear moments later with a mountain of food.

"Where can we eat... Oh, the Room of Requirement would be perfect," Hermione, suggested.

Trouping up to the room, Harry walked in front of the blank wall, concentrating on what he wanted. After the third walk, a door appeared. Opening the door, Harry led the girls in. A comfortable dining room, set with silverware and flowers on an elegant round table sat in the middle of the room. Three chairs were placed evenly around the table and the trio sat down to a sumptuous dinner. Dobby had outdone himself, all their favourites were there; Steak and Kidney pie, roast chicken, mashed and jacket potatoes, and a variety of vegetables. For desert, there was treacle tart and chocolate mouse. Pumpkin juice and tea completed the meal.

The teens dug in. No words were spoken until the last treacle tart was finished. Wiping his lips on the serviette, Harry concentrated and changed the room into a comfy bedroom with a king size bed. The girls had not been expecting that and wondered how they would be able to sleep that night. Susan in particular, hated the thought that she might not get to sleep with Harry. 'At least Harry and Hermione sleep in the same dormitory,' she thought. This, however, solved that problem, at least for tonight.

Hermione was nervous. She had never slept with anyone before and was uncertain what to expect. 'Well, I do love him! Better get used to sleeping with him,' she thought. Her modesty prevented her from undressing in front of Harry, but Harry turned to her and gently urged her to relax.

"It's alright to be nervous, Hermione. We won't do anything you aren't comfortable with tonight. We're all pretty knackered. Let's just sleep. I'll be in the middle and you two on each side."

Susan smirked, she had never been that nervous with Harry. She'd have to ease Hermione into this relationship. "We'll spoon with Harry. Harry, which way do you want to lie."

"I usually lie on my left side, so you two decide which one gets my front and which the back." Harry was feeling pretty lucky at this point. He knew most boys would kill to be in his situation... two beautiful girls in bed with him.

"I'd like the back please, Susan, do you mind? I usually sleep on my left side as well."

"Well, that leaves me with the front," Susan smirked. "I like to sleep on my right." She knew that Harry tended to scoot closer during the night and was hoping to take advantage of that.

Settling down, they were soon fast asleep.

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Sure enough, the next morning, Susan's leg entwined with Harry's and she was spooned so close that she was practically lying atop Harry.

Hermione had pulled herself close as well, savouring the heat from Harry's back, her arm wrapped around his chest.

Harry was having nice dreams and his body was reacting. He awoke with a very hard erection, poking into Susan. He also felt dampness behind his bum and a bushy mane of hair draped over his face.

Sighing, he realized they had to return to their dormitories and get ready for the school day.

Susan knew this was going to be hard. She wouldn't see Harry much anymore. Hermione had all her classes except Arithmancy and Ancient Runes with Harry. They shared some classes, but the pretty Hufflepuff knew she was going to be lonely.

Groggy, Hermione awoke from a most pleasant dream as well. Noticing her knickers were soaking, she blushed. The dream had been very naughty.

The trio quickly dressed and returned to their common rooms, promising to meet at breakfast.

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Ron wondered where Harry had been. He didn't show up in the boys dorm. At least he hadn't seen him.

"Hey Nev," he called. "Have you seen Harry? Last I saw, he was going with Hermione and Susan Bones to the Headmaster's office."

"No Ron, I don't think he slept in here last night. I wonder what's up."

Seamus and Dean were similarly questioned and shrugged their shoulders. Dean was more interested in where Ginny was at the moment.

Harry and Hermione were already down for breakfast and were looking around for Susan.

Spotting her at the Hufflepuff table, they called her over. "Susan, come sit with us love," Harry called.

Grinning, she hurried over, planted a kiss on Harry and sat down.

Looking over at the Hufflepuff table, Harry noticed the stares as Susan sat down with him. Even the Gryffindor's were staring. Then Lavender noticed the rings.

"Susan! Oh and Hermione! Are those engagement rings?" she asked loudly enough for the rest of the table to hear.

Harry spoke for them. "These two lovely girls have agreed to marry me."

A great silence suddenly descended over the table. Shocked looks were on every face.

Just arriving, Ron and Neville heard this, their eyes going wide as their eyes saw the rings.

"Bloody Hell Harry! When did this happen?" Ron swore.

"Language, Ron," Hermione reminded him.

"But... but, Hermione, I saw you on the platform yesterday and you weren't wearing a ring then!"

"Ron, you never notice things. How do you know I wasn't?"

Ron grew red at this. "Just answer the question, Harry."

"Well, Ron, since you're so nosy, I asked Hermione yesterday on the train and she said yes. Susan said yes weeks ago."

"Bloody Harry Potter gets everything!" Ron groused as he moved to the other end of the table. He continued to mumble and complain. Harry caught the odd word... "...rich prick, mumble mumble, lucky arse, mumble, can't have just one..."

Harry ignored him after that, concentrating on his breakfast and the two beautiful girls at his side.

Neville was the first to recover, and offered his hand, congratulating Harry and the girls. "Way to go Harry! Got the two most beautiful girls in the school too!"

Unfortunately, the other tables had caught on to what had happened and a few wolf whistles and cat calls could be heard, along with some moans from the other girls, who just now realised that Harry was no longer available.

Padma Patil, at the Ravenclaw table was whispering urgently to the other girls at her table. "Harry was emancipated and assumed the dual titles of Lord Potter and Lord Black. My mother found out that he's the richest wizard in Britain!"

Gasps could be heard from the other girls as they took in this juicy bit of gossip. Whispers broke out at the other tables as this bit of news made its way through the student population. Soon the Great Hall erupted in chaos, as the import of this was fully realised.

The Headmaster called for silence, but had to send a couple of loud fireworks displays from his wand before the noise gradually quieted.

As soon as the Great Hall was quiet, the Headmaster addressed the students. "Since we were unable to introduce the last of our new prefects last night, let me rectify that now. Harry Potter and Hermione Granger are the sixth year Gryffindor prefects and Susan Bones will assume the sixth year Hufflepuff prefect duties. Harry is to be addressed either as Lord Potter-Black, as he is now the head of house for both Ancient and Noble Houses, or alternately, Harry. Mr. Potter is not an option. In this, you will respect him. Harry is a fully emancipated wizard and is engaged to both Miss Susan Bones and Miss Hermione Granger. Anyone caught interfering in their private lives, are warned of serious consequences."

This was met with a profound silence for almost a minute, while the students digested this. The tension was electric.

Whispers and frowns appeared at the four tables. Most of the students could not believe what they had just heard. "Lord Potter-

Black? Engaged? Emancipated? Susan AND Hermione?" was heard throughout the Hall.

Fred and George Weasley, who had returned to Hogwarts to speak to Harry, grinned. 'Oh, this was too good to pass up,' they thought together.

"Prank time oh brother of mine?" George suggested.

"Definitely!" Fred replied.

Waving their wands, a trio of large silver wedding bells appeared over Harry, Hermione and Susan. Instead of ringing, they dumped brightly coloured confetti over the trio. A magically loud voice emerged from the three bells, singing, "Here come the brides, looking for a RIDE. Here comes the groom, how will he service the two of 'm."

Harry and the girls blushed a deep scarlet and made a run for it. The bells followed, maintaining the chant.

Laughter broke out in the Hall, breaking the tension.

Sheepishly, the trio returned once the bells disappeared. Settling down once more, their faces still red, they continued eating, not looking at the rest of the students.

After the initial shock wore off, Professor McGonagall handed out the class schedules. Harry and Hermione were to have Transfiguration first class. Susan had Charms, then they would switch. The trio would all share Herbology in the afternoon.

After classes, the Headmaster requested their presence in his office to clear up a few questions he had.

The three students received covert stares in each of their classes. Harry and Hermione ignored them, having been the recipient of stares for years. Susan, however, was put off a bit by the stares. They made her feel uncomfortable. She only started to relax when Harry and Hermione joined her in Herbology.

Lunch had been an interesting time. Not wanting to be bothered, Harry had asked Dobby to pack a small picnic lunch for the three of them. Dobby, of course, had overdone it, and they had enough food for a small army.

Making their way down to the lake, they talked and joked, planning how to get even with the twins for the prank.

“What were George and Fred doing here anyway?” Hermione asked.

“We have a business arrangement; they probably want to talk to me,” Harry replied.

Susan was unaware of this and questioned Harry. “What kind of a business arrangement, Harry? Something to do with their joke shop?”

“Yeah, I provided the initial financing and they made me a silent partner.”

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Walking up to Professor Dumbledore’s office, Harry wondered if there was a way to keep the trio together, at least at night. The Room of Requirement wouldn’t always be available, and he’d like his fiancés’ with him as much as possible for their own protection. Some of the students had already made snide comments, and Harry was sore pressed not to hex them.

When they arrived, Dumbledore urged them to make themselves comfortable.

“Now, Harry, as I mentioned last evening, I’d like to continue our conversation. First, let me extend my condolences on the loss of your relatives. It was a foolish thing to do. Leaving before the wards were recharged...”

Harry interrupted. “They hated me! You could have done something more than just shoving me off on them every year. Maybe they didn’t have to die so soon, but they would have died when I turned seventeen and I left that disgusting place!”

"That's not so, Harry," the Headmaster said softly. "True, the blood protections would have expired, but they would have been taken to a safe place."

"And I couldn't have been taken to this 'safe place' all those years ago?" Harry replied. He knew Dumbledore wanted him with his Aunt and Uncle for other reasons than he was telling him.

"Alas, since you were Voldemort's primary target, only the blood wards would have protected you sufficiently. With you gone, the Dursley's would have been much easier to protect. You left before we were able to move them."

Susan and Hermione sat quietly listening to this until Hermione finally had to speak. "Headmaster, do you realise the torture those people subjected Harry to on a daily basis since he first arrived? No wonder he left."

Susan continued. "Sir, Harry's parent's will was not followed in placing Harry with his relatives. In fact I believe there are several irregularities regarding what has happened to Harry."

'This was not good,' Albus thought. 'They already suspect something. Damn those goblins! Perhaps a distraction is in order.'

"Moving along; since you have assumed the two Lordships, I am able to offer you a separate apartment here at Hogwarts. Naturally this will extend to your fiancés as well, since you will better be able to protect them from harm."

This was more than Harry had hoped. "That's very generous of you Sir. The girls and I appreciate the privacy and security this will provide. Dobby will show you to your new quarters."

"On another matter, Harry, since you missed the welcome feast, I introduced two changes in the teaching staff. Professor Snape will now assume DADA classes and we now have a new Potions professor. Professor Slughorn has agreed to teach. He taught your parents, if memory serves me correctly."

Harry groaned. Snape was his least favourite teacher and to teach Defence was going to be a nightmare.

“Also, Harry, I will be taking over teaching you Occlumency. With Voldemort gaining strength, you need to be able to keep him out of your mind.”

“Yes Sir. The lessons with Snape were less than successful; he basically raped my mind without telling me how to defend it properly.”

“That’s Professor Snape, Harry, but yes, I should be able to provide a gentler way to learn. I think that should be all for now. I caution you to be aware of any overt acts that some of our less generous students may plan. Mr. Malfoy comes to mind.”

“Thank you Headmaster, any threat against my fiancés will be treated as a threat against myself and I will respond.”

“Be careful, Harry, do try to avoid conflict. I can protect you only so far. With that, I think we will adjourn. Have a nice evening Harry, Susan, Hermione.”

The trio left, feeling elated. The meeting had gone better than they had expected.

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Chapter 13: Finally, Hermione

Calling Dobby to show them to their new Quarters, the trio were bubbling with happiness.

"This is great, Harry," Susan proclaimed. "I was afraid I would hardly see you, now that we are at school."

"Harry, Susan, remember, we still have prefect duties to perform this evening," Hermione reminded them.

"Oooh, Hermione! How can you think about that at a time like this?" Susan admonished. "We have our own apartment! Our own private apartment! This will be so great."

"Yeah, great," Hermione replied. She was still nervous about their new arrangement. She would have preferred to have Harry to herself, but she knew she had acted too late for that. She was only thankful that Susan was willing to share. Without Harry in her life, she thought she'd have no reason to live.

Dobby ushered them into a well appointed apartment on the fourth floor. Hermione was delighted to note it was quite close to the library.

"This is even better than I'd hoped, girls. Dumbledore is being very accommodating; I wonder why?" Harry mused.

After a tour performing their Prefect duties, they returned to their apartment.

Snuggling up in Harry's Queen size bed and ignoring the other two beds, the trio talked long into the night. Harry, as usual, was trapped between two amorous girls...

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Checking their schedules the next day at breakfast, they decided that Hermione had Arithmancy, while Harry and Susan had a free period. Bidding Harry and Susan goodbye, she reminded them that they should at least make a start on homework.

Susan, now had Harry all to herself and she intended to make the most of it.

Harry suddenly jumped up. "Hermione! I need to escort her to Arithmancy."

"Harry, she's a big girl, she can take care of herself!"

"You don't understand, Susan. Hermione isn't expecting trouble, but with everyone knowing about our engagement, she'll be in danger. I have to go. I'll be back shortly." And with that, he rushed out of the room, taking shortcuts to catch up to Hermione.

Hermione was walking to her class, daydreaming about Harry. 'Susan may have him this morning, but I'll have him next free period when she has Charms.'

As she moved into the Arithmancy corridor, she was suddenly confronted by Malfoy and his trollish thugs, Crabbe and Goyle, with their wands drawn.

"We've been waiting for you Mudblood," Draco sneered. "Potter isn't here to help you. We're going to teach you who you should bow down to."

"As if!" Hermione spat. "You've chosen the wrong witch to mess with, Malfoy."

Quickly drawing her wand, Hermione was on the verge of hexing them, when Harry arrived behind Draco.

"I'd put that wand away Malfoy, unless you want to die right now!" Harry said dangerously. "And your little friends had better put theirs away as well. Wouldn't want to mess up the corridors with blood now, would we?"

Draco turned a nice shade of green before quickly putting his wand away, followed by Crabbe and Goyle.

“Now, in case you’ve forgotten, I have every right to challenge you to a wizards duel as Head of Houses Potter and Black. Since you’re underage, I’ll just warn you once. Any, and I mean ANY, threats to my fiancés and I will consider it a threat to my House and I WILL kill you. No more warnings will be given!” Harry said this with such anger, that all three looked ready to pee. Hermione looked thunderstruck at Harry’s tone. It was truly frightening.

After Draco and his friends left, Hermione rounded on Harry. “That was a bit of an extreme reaction, Harry. I could have handled them myself, you know.”

“I know, Hermione,” he said quietly. “Now, hopefully, they won’t bother you ever again. I couldn’t lose you or Susan, you know. You both mean so much to me.”

Hermione relented and pulled him into a tight hug, giving him a tender kiss.

“You mean so much to me as well, Harry. Now, I’d best be getting to class or I’ll be late. I’ll see you next class.” And with that, she continued to class as if nothing had happened.

Harry watched her go, until she disappeared into the classroom. He vowed to keep a closer eye on his girls after that.

Susan was waiting for Harry, impatiently. “What took you so long,” she enquired. “It’s not that far to the Arithmancy classroom.”

“Spot of trouble on the way: Malfoy and his cronies were waiting for Hermione and threatened her.”

Susan gasped. “What happened; was Hermione hurt?”

“No, she said she could have handled it, and probably she could, but I put the fear of Merlin in them. They shouldn’t bother either of you now. I think Malfoy may have soiled himself,” he snickered.

“Hermione’s right, Harry. We’re big girls now, we can take care of ourselves.”

“Susan, you do know it would kill me if anything happened to you or Hermione. Since we’re engaged, there are several people that are jealous of us and I’m not taking any chances with the girls I love.”

“You’re sweet, Harry. Now, we have a bit of time until our next class...”

Susan was already stripping and pulling Harry to the bed.

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Hermione returned, to find Harry waiting for her. He had escorted Susan to Charms and pulling Hermione into his arms, kissed her soundly.

“Harry!” she giggled, but returned the kiss. “We’ll be late for Potions.”

“Aww!” Harry pouted. “Alright, but we’ll continue this later.”

Hermione’s heart was already pounding from the intensity of the kiss. ‘Merlin, that boy can kiss! Susan has trained him well,’ she thought as a smile formed on her swollen lips.

Potions class with Professor Slughorn was much nicer than with Snape.

Malfoy was sullen and quiet the entire lesson, not daring to look at Harry. The other Gryffindor’s and Slytherin’s stared at Harry and Hermione for a few minutes, before returning to the task at hand.

Harry actually enjoyed the lesson and with Hermione giving suggestions, he was able to brew a perfect blood replenishing potion.

After handing in their potions for grading, they left for lunch.

The rest of the day was a blur as Susan had Potions and Harry and Hermione had Charms.

At dinner that evening, Harry and Hermione sat at the Hufflepuff table with Susan, earning a few glares from Ron and the other Gryffindors.

Chatting with Susan, the pair asked how her day had gone.

"Well, it was a bit lonely without you," Susan answered. "I kept thinking naughty things, Harry."

"Well, it's my turn, Susan," Hermione declared. "You've had him all summer."

Harry blushed at this. "I'm right here, you know!"

Susan giggled, Hermione smiled.

"Okay, we share, remember. I'm not up for a three-way yet," Hermione teased.

Harry only blushed harder. He knew it was only a matter of time that the three of them would try it.

"It's okay, Harry, we agreed to share," Susan replied.

After dinner, all three retired to their apartment for study and homework. An hour later, Hermione motioned to Harry with her index finger, indicating the bedroom. Susan caught the motion and sleepily told them that she would be sleeping in her bedroom tonight.

"Thanks, Susan," Hermione whispered. "I really need Harry tonight."

Hermione was nervous. She had never done anything like this before and she hoped Harry would be gentle with her. "H-Harry," she stuttered. "I-I t-think you s-should know, I-I've n-never, um..."

"It's okay love, I'll be gentle." He took her in his arms, pressing a sweet kiss to her lips.

As she responded, the kiss deepened and Hermione was lost. Her mind roiled with years of pent up love that she could no longer hold back. "Harry!" she gasped. "Please..."

That was as far as she got as Harry guided her towards the bed, covering her with kisses. His busy hands had already removed her robe and were working at her skirt. She helped him, her hands fumbling to remove her shirt and school tie. When she stepped out of her skirt, he quickly reached behind her to remove her bra, kissing her neck and shoulders. She groaned and her hands reached down to help him remove her knickers. When she finally removed the last of her clothing, she stood shivering in front of Harry.

“Now, your turn, Hermione,” He gestured to himself.

Hermione gave him a questioning look, before realizing what he wanted. Stepping close to Harry, she fumbled a bit with his robes, until he shrugged out of them, pooling them on the floor. Next came his shirt and tie, as her shaking fingers worked to loosen them. Stripping Harry was highly erotic for her and she felt the heat pooling between her legs. Not a word was spoken as she carefully knelt in front of him to undo the belt on his jeans and then worked the zipper down. Slowly, he wriggled his hips free of his jeans and Hermione’s eyes went wide as she could see his erection through his boxers.

“You can touch me there,” he said huskily.

Her hand hesitantly felt the front of his boxers, feeling the stiffness and length through the material. She began rubbing her hand over the material, causing the boxers to tent and then she could stand it no more, with a quick motion, worked her hands at the top of his boxers, and pulled them down. He stepped out of them and she was faced with what she had dreamed of for years. Harry’s fully erect, long hard member. She gasped at the size of it, touching it carefully with her fingers, gently stroking it and finally guiding her mouth to gently lick the tip.

Harry moaned and his hands flew to her hair. He softly pressed forward and she took him in her mouth, gently working her tongue around the shaft, sucking and pulling him closer. Bobbing her head in and out, she tasted the beginnings of release as his hips worked in rhythm with her head.

“Not yet, love, it’s your turn,” he admonished gently. ‘Merlin, she feels good, how did I waste so many years without her being my girlfriend!’

Picking Hermione up, he carefully laid her on the bed. “Beautiful! So beautiful, my Hermione!”

She shivered in anticipation as he lay next to her. His hands sought her breasts and the nipples hardened instantly. Caressing her lightly, he rolled a hardened nipple between his thumb and forefinger, causing a gasp of ecstasy from her as she moved closer, finally turning toward him and bringing her leg over his. As she pressed closer, she could feel his erection firmly against her belly. She squirmed up a bit and felt him at the entrance of her mound. His mouth was all over her, kissing, nipping, sucking and teasing her to higher and higher arousal. She was wet, soaking wet in fact. Reaching between them, she found his cock and carefully rubbed it back and forth along her folds. Guiding him into her, she felt the resistance at her barrier. Gently, he rocked against her, gradually working deeper past the barrier. She felt a bit of pain as he broke the barrier and slipped fully inside her. She winced as she adjusted to him and then the pleasure took over. Slowly at first, Harry withdrew a bit and pushed back in. In a bit, out a bit, then the strokes were longer, but still slow. Hermione thought she would go mad with the pleasure. Her clit was rubbing against his cock as he partly withdrew and then entered her again. She moaned his name, “Harry,” she breathed. “it feels so good. It’s better than I ever dreamed. Harder, Harry.”

Harry responded by flipping her onto her back, still trapped in her soft folds. Resting on his elbows, he continued to stroke into her, deepening his strokes.

Mewling sounds were coming from Hermione now. Her toes curled in ecstasy and her hands were clutching Harry’s bum, controlling his strokes. She wanted it to last forever, but soon enough, she could feel the orgasm building.

Slowing down, Harry too felt the climax starting. As the feeling lessened, he resumed the slow rhythm, his cock rising and falling into her. He rolled them over so that Hermione was on top and she rested for a moment, his full length firmly in her. As she sat astride him, his

hands reached for her breasts and gently squeezed them. She responded by grinding her hips into his and rotating them, striving for even closer contact. He pulled her to him and her lips met his. As their tongues danced, she picked up the rhythm again, finally succumbing to the pleasure. Faster and faster their bodies crashed against one another until finally with a cry, they both tipped over the edge of pleasure, climaxing together, crying each other's name. Utterly spent, Harry and Hermione rolled apart, falling asleep almost instantly.

Susan had been watching from the doorway, her hand rubbing herself as she watched. As they climaxed, she felt her own body react as well. Smiling, she knew that Harry had given Hermione everything she wanted. Returning to her room, she couldn't wait to try a threesome.

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Chapter 14: Getting To Know You

Susan looked forward to her turn with Harry in their new apartment. The night before, Harry had nearly driven Hermione mad with pleasure. Susan had almost walked in to join them, but remembered that Hermione needed to build up her confidence with Harry, before they tried a threesome.

After an exhausting day at classes, where she finally got her Transfiguration of a guinea pig into a guinea hen correct, Susan collapsed on the bed. Harry and Hermione had a somewhat easier day, with DADA, Potions and a special class with Hagrid in Care of Magical Creatures.

Not seeing Susan at dinner, Harry and Hermione found her sound asleep in her bedroom. Harry kissed her lightly on her forehead and returned to their common room to study.

Hermione was already deep in study, with a stack of books spread out as she quickly flipped pages and made neat notes on a length of parchment.

As they sat studying, Susan awoke and wandered out, yawning widely and stretching. "That time is it guys? I'm hungry."

"Harry looked up and smiled. "Looks like you've missed dinner, Susan. I can have Dobby bring you something."

"Thanks Harry. Did you two have a good day? Transfiguration class was a beast today, literally. My guinea pig turned into a pig before I was able to get it to change into a chicken until I finally got it right as a guinea hen. It didn't help that Malfoy kept distracting me with snide comments."

"Dobby!" Harry called, and the little house elf appeared with a crack.

"Harry Potter sir called?"

"Susan?"

“Dobby could you get me something to eat? Some fruit and a salad would be nice. Maybe some pumpkin juice too?” Susan requested.

“Dobby would be happy to get Harry’s Susan something to eat,” and with a crack he was gone, only to reappear moments later with a large plate of food. As usual, Dobby overdid it with enough food for all, and then some.

After dinner Susan claimed Harry for a quick kiss, which quickly turned into a tickle fight. Hermione joined in until they were exhausted and the trio prepared for bed.

Susan pulled Harry into her bedroom and Hermione went to hers. Soon, sighs and moaning sounds could be heard from Susan’s bedroom. Hermione squirmed in bed, knowing that Susan and Harry were making love. She tried to ignore the sounds, but found that her body was starting to react. Dipping her hand underneath her knickers, she began to rub herself, but this only made her want to see more. Quietly she left her bed and walked to Susan’s bedroom door. Peeking in, she watched as Harry and Susan did things she had only heard about. Feeling wet in her knickers and a growing heat, her hand once more reached in and stroked her mound. Last night with Harry had been amazing. She had never imagined sex could be so good and Harry made it exceptional. She watched as Susan bucked and ground her hips in Harry’s face and bobbed her head up and down Harry’s cock. Her large breasts bounced and she could see her nipples rigid and large. Harry was licking furiously, his tongue delving deeply into Susan’s folds.

Hermione was breathing fast and her heart pounded as her fingers delved into her pussy. She was close to climax and by the look of it, so were Harry and Susan.

With a yell, all three of them came. Susan was too busy climaxing and swallowing Harry’s semen to notice Hermione. Harry blinked and saw Hermione’s reflection in the wall mirror. Hermione was beyond caring as her body jerked and spasmed in her orgasm.

Finally, Hermione took note of Harry’s surprised look and quickly retreated to her bedroom; a deep flush on her face and neck.

'Oh no!' she thought. 'What if Harry's mad at seeing me watching.'

Harry, on the other hand, was delighted. He quickly told Susan what he had seen and Susan grinned.

"Harry, I think we can get her to join us. Maybe not tonight though, I need more of you."

Ignoring Hermione for now, they resumed their love making, with Susan enthusiastically trying new positions.

Later, they approached Hermione together.

"H-Harry, S-Susan... I, um... I'm sorry for watching. I couldn't help myself."

"It's okay Hermione," Harry said. We don't mind. Susan told me that she watched last night too."

"Y-You're okay with this?" Hermione asked, not quite believing that they weren't mad at her. I mean, it was Susan's night and I should have respected... wait... she watched us last night?"

"Yes Hermione, I enjoyed watching, as I suspect you did too. You have a great body."

"Oh Susan, I'm nothing compared to you!" She blushed deeply as she said that. Perhaps this might work out after all.

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Hermione's birthday passed, with Harry and Susan both giving the bushy haired girl several presents. Hermione was delighted with a pair of rare books they had found for her. Susan presented Hermione with a gold charm bracelet that gave her warning if dark objects or creatures were close. Harry gave her a magical locket with their pictures in it. The pictures would embrace and kiss one another. It also served as a strong protection charm.

As the days turned into weeks, Harry, Susan and Hermione settled into a rhythm. Susan had Harry on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, while Hermione had him on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Sundays, the three of them spent time together, getting to know the other's likes and dislikes, taking turns experimenting. The trio couldn't be happier and as Christmas approached, the excitement of the weddings took top billing. It was finally decided that Susan would be Lady Black and Hermione, Lady Potter. The two ceremonies were a bit different, in that Harry learned from the Goblins, that The Potter line had to be married first, so Hermione contacted her parents to let them know. She had been keeping in regular contact via Harry's owl, Hedwig.

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Jean and Dan were startled that their daughter finally got enough courage to commit herself to Harry. She had been vacillating for years and Jean had despaired that her daughter would ever commit to telling Harry that she loved him. Dan was unsure if he was ready to let his daughter marry so young and when Hermione told them that Susan would also be marrying Harry, he almost choked.

"Dear," he said, coughing violently. "Did Hermione just tell us that it'll be a three-way marriage?"

"I'm afraid so, Dan. Harry, Hermione and Susan are to visit us this weekend."

"This Susan, has Hermione ever mentioned her before?" Dan asked.

"Susan Bones is the niece of Amelia Bones, head of the Magical Law Enforcement department. Hermione says she's really nice. Harry and Susan became a couple during the summer. Her parents were murdered, just before she was to meet up with them in Switzerland."

"That's awful! Do they know who did it?"

"I think Harry suspects someone, but there's nothing to be done at this time."

“Back to our daughter,” Dan responded. “I know she’s of age now, and I know she’s talked of Harry since her first year, but am I reading that she almost lost him to Susan?”

“Yes dear,” Jean returned. “Her dithering should have cost her Harry, but something happened. She won’t talk about it, but I suspect some sort of bond was formed early on and he just couldn’t let her go. We’ll get a chance to talk about it when they visit.”

“Did she say when to expect them?”

“Hermione said they would floo in on Saturday morning to a neighbor witch.”

“I didn’t know there was a neighbor that was a witch.”

“You remember Amanda Carmichael, don’t you? She went to Hogwarts ten years ago.”

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Ron was just getting used to the idea of Harry marrying Hermione and Susan. He wished he could keep his temper under control. ‘I’ve probably lost them as friends, but Merlin, he could have told me.’ He thought miserably.

Neville and Ginny approached him. Neville had found out that Ginny liked him, but he couldn’t decide if he liked Luna too. “Hi Ron, I think Lavender is looking for you,” Ginny said. “She said if I found you, she would be in the Great Hall after the morning class. She has Divination right now.”

“Thank Gin, I’m glad I dropped that stupid class, although, right now I wish I was there. Have you seen Harry?” he asked hopefully.

“I thought you weren’t speaking to him,” Neville stated.

“I-I... um I have to apologise to him and the girls. I’ve been acting like a Malfoy. Harry deserves much more than I’ve given him lately.” He hung his head in shame at this admission.

"Be careful Ron," Ginny warned. "Right now, Harry is on full alert to anybody he considers an enemy. That might include you unless you're careful."

Ron shuddered at this. He had seen what Harry was capable of when he was angry. "Neville, could you, like, accompany me? He still likes you."

"Sure Ron, I saw them heading to the Great Hall a few minutes ago."

Walking with Neville and his sister, Ron gathered his courage. If he could mend his relationship with Harry, maybe the girls wouldn't hex him on sight either. Hermione, especially scared him. She was brilliant with odd spells that he'd never heard of before. Susan, he didn't know, but suspected was pretty bright as well. She seemed to catch on pretty quick in last years DA.

Arriving in the Great Hall, Neville was the first to spot Harry and his fiancés.

"Harry," Neville called. "When is the wedding?"

Harry turned and saw Ron with Neville and Ginny. He growled and moved to protect Susan and Hermione. His hand had gone to his pocket and was fingering his wand.

"H-Harry," Ron stuttered, weakly. "I, um... I want to apologise for the way I've acted." He hung his head and continued. "I'm really sorry, Harry, Hermione and Susan, I was acting like a jealous git. Please forgive me?"

A smile broke out on Harry's face. Ron begging for forgiveness? How could he stay mad at him. "I'll forgive you, Ron. We've been mates for too long, but you'll also have to apologise to Hermione and Susan."

"Of course. Please forgive me for the awful things I've said and thought, Hermione and you too Susan. I hate what my temper does to me some times. I'll try to be a better friend from now on."

Hermione readily forgave him, but Susan remained suspicious. "I'll have to think about it, Ronald," Susan told him. "You really hurt Harry when you said those things."

"I-I'll make it up to you three. Harry has been my best mate since we started school. Sometimes, it's hard to think before I say things."

Hermione and Harry could readily attest to that, remembering the Triwizard Tournament year.

Answering Neville's question, Harry told them that the dates hadn't been set yet.

"Dates, Harry?" Neville asked. "You're planning on two weddings instead of just one big one?"

"It has to be that way, Nev. The Blacks will have separate provisions for the Black heir. I have to marry Hermione first and then Susan. Anyway, Nev, would you be my best man at the Black wedding?"

"Thank you for asking, Harry, I'd be happy to."

"And Ron, I'd like you to be my best man at the Potter wedding."

Ron was shocked at first. Harry was not only willing to forgive him, but wanted to be his best man at his and Hermione's wedding. Stammering a reply, Ron blurted out. "Of course, H-Harry, I'd be more than honoured. Thank you for asking."

Hannah Abbot came by to congratulate Susan and Hermione. Susan took this opportunity to ask, "Hannah, will you be my Maid of Honour? You've been my best friend and I can't think of anyone else I'd love to ask."

Hannah broke out in tears of happiness at this. "Oh, Susan, I'd love to," she sniffed. "Hermione, do you have a Maid of Honour picked out?"

Hermione hung her head. "No," she said softly. "I-I don't really know anyone well enough to ask."

“Well, I’d like to volunteer, if you’d have me,” Hannah offered.

Tears of joy glistened in Hermione’s eyes as she accepted the offer.

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Chapter 15: Death Eaters and Marriage Preparations

Saturday morning the trio floored to Amanda's place and quickly walked to the Grangers.

"Mum, Dad, we're here!" Hermione called as she opened the door.

A soft moan was heard as the trio stepped into the house. Before they could react, a harsh voice interrupted.

"Ahh, Miss Granger, we've been expecting you. Oh and Miss Bones and Mr. Potter too! What a surprise. The Dark Lord will be pleased," the Death Eater said. "Take them!"

Six men in Death Eater masks appeared and made a grab for them. Harry ducked under the arm, twisted and snapped a quick blow to the man's throat. Gagging and holding his shattered throat, the man collapsed to the floor.

Hermione grabbed the cloak of the closest man and pulling him to her kneed him in the crotch. A look of intense pain filled his face as he grabbed at his injured bits. Hermione followed up with a head butt to his nose, breaking it and simultaneously twisting and tripping him. Drawing her wand she slashed down with a diffindo spell, severing his head.

Susan quickly pulled her wand and cast several quick cutting curses, severing one man's wand hand and blinding another. She finished off with a powerful bludgeoning hex.

The leader attempted to cast a curse at Harry, only to have a bone breaking curse hit him from the back as Hermione fired several quick curses at the remaining Death eaters. One man managed to disapparate with a broken arm, but the other fell to Susan's bludgeoning hex.

As an eerie quiet settled on the house, Harry surveyed the damage: six Death Eaters were dead or dying and a substantial amount of damage to the house.

“Mum, Dad!” Hermione called frantically.

A weak “In here, dear,” answered from the kitchen.

Hermione practically flew to the kitchen, to find Jean and Dan collapsed on the floor.

Harry and Susan quickly arrived in the kitchen and began casting healing spells on the pair. Hermione was practically incoherent, as she sobbed and held her parents.

“It’s alright dear,” Jean soothed her daughter. “Just a few cuts and bruises.”

“It’s a good thing you three showed up when you did,” Dan spoke. “They were about to set fire to the house with us in it!”

“We’ll have to move you, Hermione choked. “You two aren’t safe here anymore.”

“But where will we go, Hermione?” Jean asked. “And what about our practice? We can’t...”

“Mum, Dad, we have a place that will be safe. Harry, can we send them to Potter Manor?”

Gringotts had mentioned Potter Manor as one of several properties Harry owned and Griphook had provided him with a portkey to take him there.

“Yes, of course. Um... Hermione, could you properly introduce us?”

Hermione’s face flushed red in embarrassment. “S-Sorry, Harry. Mum, Dad, may I present my fiancé, Harry Potter and this is Susan Bones, um... Harry’s other fiancé. Susan, Harry, this is my Mum Jean Granger and my Dad, Dan Granger.”

“We’re happy to finally meet you Harry. Hermione has talked constantly about you. Susan, we’ve never met you either, but

Hermione has spoken highly of you. Harry has good taste, it seems, in lovely women,” Jean replied.

Dan was eying Susan critically. ‘Yes, she’s beautiful,’ he thought. ‘But what does she bring to this union?’ However, he welcomed her and determined to find out more about this girl that had beaten his daughter to Harry. Harry had been a constant in Hermione’s life for years now, and he hated the thought she’d have to share him.

Susan saw the warmth that Jean had welcomed her, but she sensed a reservation with Dan. Well, she’d have to overcome that. She knew it wouldn’t be all clear sailing.

Shyly, she extended her hand to Jean, who took it and pulled Susan to her in a warm hug. “Thanks, Jean. Harry and I met a few months ago, just before my parents were killed. We fell in love over the summer and he asked me to marry him. I didn’t think I could share Harry with anybody, but Hermione proved me wrong. She is the brilliant sister I never had and I feel as close to her as I do Harry.”

Dan joined the hug, realising that Susan perhaps did indeed have a strong connection and love for Harry and Hermione.

“Dad, Susan’s aunt is the head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. That reminds me, why haven’t the Aurors shown up yet?

As if on cue, there were several pops and a pair of Aurors arrived.

“Hello Tonks, Kingsley. About time you showed up,” Harry scolded. “There were seven Death Eaters waiting for us when we arrived. Hermione’s parents were injured, fortunately not seriously. Susan, Hermione and I managed to kill six of them, with the seventh escaping, although Hermione injured him. The bodies are in the lounge room.”

Tonks went to investigate and Kingsley approached the teens. All were shivering heavily from the strain and emotion of the last few minutes.

“Harry, tell me what happened here,” the tall black Auror requested.

Harry, with help from Susan and Hermione, related the events from the time of their arrival. “We were extremely lucky Kingsley. If we had knocked instead of barging in, we could have been killed. Instead, we surprised them and managed to kill most of them.”

Tonks stepped back into the kitchen and confirmed that six Death Eaters were indeed dead. “Looks like both LeStrange brothers, Crabbe, Goyle, Dolohov and Nott. I wonder who escaped.”

“Kingsley, we’re taking the Grangers to a place that’s protected. No one else knows how to find this place, so they’ll be safe,” Harry told him.

“You’re sure Harry? They should go to the Order’s headquarters.”

“No! I’ll take care of them, then I’ll know they’re safe!” Harry stated forcefully.

“Dumbledore won’t like it, Harry,” Tonks replied.

“Too bad! I don’t really trust him, he’s screwed around with my life too much. I’m considered an adult now and I’ll act as an adult should!”

Tonks and Kingsley could only stare at him wide eyed. Nobody crossed Albus.

“Be careful, Harry. When Dumbledore finds out, he’ll want to take charge...”

“Not a chance, Kingsley. This is something I’m responsible for, not Dumbledore.”

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Kingsley and Tonks removed the bodies and departed. Harry, Susan and the Grangers settled back on the kitchen chairs for a few moments to collect themselves.

“Harry,” Dan started. “We’re grateful for the offer, but we have our practice and patients to take care of. We can’t just leave.”

“Okay, do you have anyone to fill in when you go on vacation?” Harry asked.

“Yes, but on short notice, I’m not sure...”

“Dear, we’ll close for a few days and post a notice. Then we’ll contact the Silverthorne’s to look after emergency patients. We’ve helped them out, I’m sure they’ll be able to take our case load for a little while.”

Dan was still uncertain, but finally gave in to his wife.

After contacting their receptionist and packing some clothes, they were ready at last and Harry produced the portkey from his trunk. “Grab hold of this rope and when I count to three, I’ll activate the portkey.”

The familiar pull behind their navels, dragged Harry and his entourage to Potter Manor.

This was their first time there and although the wards allowed Harry in, a nasty surprise awaited them. When Harry looked around, everyone else had collapsed on the floor in the main entrance. An angry house elf stood over them and was about to bind them, when Harry commanded, “Stop!”

The creature stood stock still, but looked surprised. “Master Harry! You’s back home!” And with that, the house elf launched itself at Harry’s legs in a fierce hug.

“Um... Not to seem rude, but who are you?” Harry asked, startled that the house elf apparently knew him.

“I is Cody, master. We has not seen master Harry for almost fifteen years. The other elves has been missing master.”

“Um, Cody, could you revive my friends please?”

After the Grangers and Susan had been revived, Harry apologised for the rude welcome. "Sorry, I had no idea that would happen. Cody, these two lovely ladies are my fiancés, Susan Bones and Hermione Granger" he stated, pointing to Susan and Hermione. "The other two are Hermione's mum and dad: Jean and Dan Granger. Jean and Dan will be staying here while Susan, Hermione and I are at school."

Cody bowed deeply and begged forgiveness for stunning them. With a sharp whistle, Cody summoned the rest of the house elf staff and introduced them.

"Minni and Mimi will be the Mistresses personal house elves and will assist them, whenever they need her," he pointed to a pair of female house elves. "Honi and Lonni prepare the meals. Gimli and Danny tend the gardens and lawns. Maddi looks after the Manor with Jojo and myself." All the house elves bowed respectfully. Each had a small maroon uniform with the Potter crest on the lapel.

After a tour of the manor and grounds, both of which were extensive, they sat down in the dining room for a sumptuous lunch.

"Jean and Dan, Cody will bring your belongings to one of the spare bedrooms. Do you have any preferences, since you could be here for some time?"

Jean piped up. "That large bedroom on the third floor looks nice, doesn't it Dan? This is a wonderful place Harry."

Dan agreed and suggested that they sit in the family room to get to know each other better.

An hour later, Dan had revised his initial concerns over Susan. He found her a delightful girl and the loving looks she gave to Harry and Hermione, warmed his heart. Maybe a threesome wasn't so bad after all. He could see that Hermione was blissfully happy and Harry... well, what boy wouldn't be happy with two beautiful girls for fiancés.

"Have you set the day for the wedding, Hermione?" Jean asked her daughter.

Harry answered. "Actually, there will be two weddings, Mrs. Granger."

Jean interrupted. "Please call us Jean and Dan, Harry and Susan. Since you will be part of the family, we want to be informal."

"Thank you Jean and Dan. As I was saying, since there are protocols to observe, I have to marry Hermione first and she will become Lady Potter. Then in a separate ceremony, Susan and I will marry and she will become Lady Black. I am now known in the wizarding world as Lord Potter-Black. But that's just a formality, to both of you and my friends I'll still be just Harry. The reasons for the titles are laid out in the wizarding laws of accession. Susan must bear a male child and Hermione must bear a child, but the child can be of either sex."

Both Susan and Hermione gasped at this. Harry had not told them this bit of news.

"Sorry girls," Harry said shamefacedly. "I did a bit of research while I was in France with Susan and forgot to tell you."

Jean giggled, and both Hermione and Susan blushed furiously. Dan only smiled. He knew Harry was in for some serious lectures from the girls.

"So, Harry, do you have dates selected for the weddings?" Jean persisted. "We'll need to make arrangements, there's lots to be done."

"Well," he said shyly, "we were going to have the weddings over the Christmas break. "Hermione, love, what day were you thinking would be best?"

Hermione was taken aback. They had not really discussed this before. "Uh... well..." She was thinking furiously, trying to juggle dates in her mind. "I think mine and Harry's would be best done right after Christmas, say Boxing Day."

"Susan?" Harry offered. "Can you think of a day as well?"

Susan had already made up her mind. "New Years Day, Harry," she smiled. "That gives us a break between Hermione and me. We should be able to organise the few people we wish to attend, so that it's not too rushed."

Jean and Dan were quietly absorbing this. Jean knew the time was short, only a matter of weeks now. There was something missing though. Why the rush? She voiced her concerns, "Hermione, why so soon? It's only a few weeks until Christmas, and where will you hold the ceremony?"

"I have to be married soon Jean. It's in the Black provision part of the estate title that I inherited. Christmas - New Year time falls within the proper time allotted. We could put it off for a few more months, but the holidays would offer the least disruption to the school."

The discussions continued until supper time and a few more details were worked out. After another excellent meal, they resumed discussions.

"Where will we have the weddings, Harry?" Susan asked.

"Well, I had originally thought that Hogwarts would be ideal, but on close examination, I think here would be better. That way we can control who attends more easily. In any case, Jean and Dan would be safer here than at Hogwarts."

"How many guests will there be?" Hermione piped up.

"That's something we'll have to discuss soon. Obviously our close friends and teachers," Harry replied.

"Oooh! We have to get wedding dresses!" Susan suddenly blurted out.

"That'll mean a trip to Madam Malkins..." Harry started.

"Hermione, I still have my wedding dress, it should fit with a few alterations," Jean offered.

“Let’s look in my family vault. There may be something there. I remember some pretty fancy clothes there. Maybe there’s my mother’s wedding dress in there,” Harry said. “Susan and Hermione could have a look, maybe there’s something really nice there. Remember, the Black vault was combined with my family vault. I think I have a list of the contents, in my trunk.”

Discussions continued into the evening and eventually wound down when everybody started yawning. Trekking off to bed, Cody showed the Grangers to their room, while Harry led Susan and Hermione to a large master bedroom on the second floor.

The trio was exhausted and after showering and brushing their teeth, they plopped into the large bed. The king size bed was soft and luxurious. Crawling under the covers, Susan and Hermione spooned Harry tightly and quickly dropped off to sleep.

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The next morning, after a restful night, Harry, Susan and Hermione joined Jean and Dan for breakfast.

“We have today only to do anything we want. Tomorrow we must be back in class. I think we should leave tonight and get a good rest in our apartment,” Harry suggested.

The girls agreed and after breakfast, plans were made for the day.

Susan and Hermione wanted to check out Harry’s vault for wedding dresses. Harry’s portkey would take the group to Gringotts. Susan and Hermione were practically bouncing in anticipation. Jean was curious what a wizarding society would consider an appropriate wedding dress.

Dan tagged along to give Harry support. Harry would need it, the way the women were acting. All three looked as if they were on a sugar high.

Harry activated the portkey and they quietly arrived in the main hall of Gringotts.

Gringotts was quiet this Sunday morning. The Christmas rush was not yet in full swing, but it would start soon.

Griphook greeted them and after Harry requested access to his vault, Griphook called for a cart to take them. Special provisions had to be made for Jean and Dan, since they would not normally be allowed in the vault area. When that was settled (after all, Harry was their largest account), they arrived at Harry's vault. The ride had taken them much deeper than Harry had been before. Dan had pointed out what he thought was a dragon guarding one of the side tunnels.

After Harry provided the blood sample at the vault door, it swung open to admit them. The group could only stare in wonder at the contents. Harry knew he was rich, but this was beyond belief. Mountains of gold Galleons, silver Sickles along with jewels, armour, books and clothing awaited them.

Susan and Hermione were like kids in a candy store. Hermione squealed and made for the books, while Susan dashed to the clothes. Harry looked around, wondering what else was in here. Several trunks caught his eye and he examined the contents, looking for the items he knew must be there. After a brief search, he found three rings. They were exquisite gold bands that had runes carved into them. Each band was edged in platinum and had several small diamonds centered in the gold. He searched further and saw several more that were identical. Wondering about this, he called Griphook over to inquire why there seemed to be so many rings of the same design.

"Those rings are special Potter rings, Harry. They are wedding bands that bind the wearers to the current Lord Potter. These have been worn by Potter's for generations and will be worn by the next generations as well. The Lord's ring will ensure protection against most dark spells; unfortunately, not the Unforgivables. Once placed on the ring finger, they cannot be removed, much like the other rings you three wear."

Dan observed this and was impressed; his daughter would now be properly protected.

Harry pocketed the rings, thanked Griphook and wandered over to the girls.

Hermione had finally left the books to examine the beautiful dresses. Susan was eyeing a white silk gown with a cape and short train. The design was ageless and she couldn't wait to try it on. It looked like it would fit perfectly with no alterations. A veil and smart low heeled shoes completed her outfit.

Hermione fell in love with a simple white taffeta gown. It was sleeveless and cut low in the back and was studded with diamonds around the neckline. A diamond belt and Tiara with matching shoes completed the outfit.

Harry wondered if there was a set of dress robes for him, and after a short search, found a set of black robes with gold piping that looked elegant. A white silk shirt and black bow tie looked like they would make an elegant contrast to the girl's gowns.

The trio couldn't wait to model them, but the girls wanted to make sure that Harry didn't see them in the gowns until their wedding day.

After they finished in the vault, (and after Hermione had set aside several books that she simply had to take with her) they traveled back to the main Gringotts hall, thanked Griphook and portkeyed back to Potter Manor.

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Chapter 16: Christmas at Home

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Word had reached Lucius Malfoy that Susan and Harry were still alive. He decided it was time to get his master involved. Unfortunately, the Dark Lord was still recuperating from the battle in the main hall of the Ministry of Magic. Dumbledore and Harry had drained more magic out of him than he had expected.

“Lucius, my slippery friend, what news do you have of the Bones brat? You were supposed to take care of the family, not just the parents. Oh, you are surprised I know of your failure?”

“I’m sorry, My Lord,” Malfoy bowed deeply, “The Bones girl managed to escape with Harry Potter. However, I have learned that Potter is betrothed to both Susan Bones and the Mudblood Granger girl.”

Voldemort smiled evilly, “Three for the price of one. Perfect! I expect you to kill them at the first opportunity. Take as many Death Eaters as you need to do the job right this time. When is the wedding?”

“They are to marry after Christmas, my Lord.”

“Ahh, a perfect wedding and Christmas present. Your son Draco, will keep you informed of their movements?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

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With the two weddings and Christmas so close together, there was almost too much to arrange.

Fortunately, Hermione’s mum had taken charge of the arrangements at Potter Manor. The Potter house elves worked themselves to a fever pitch under Jean’s guidance.

Susan and Hermione became obsessed with the wedding plans, each fearing that they couldn’t possibly be ready in time. Hermione

knew that as the first to marry, the spotlight would be on her. Susan would have an easier time, as the wizarding world would be used to The-Boy-Who-Lived being married.

Susan was especially nervous. Hermione was better known than she was, so she had to make sure she was noticed. The wedding gown would be the key, she thought. The soft silk gown and cape shimmered in the early morning light, now she needed just the right accessories and makeup. A search through Potter Manor, turned up a beautiful set of earrings and matching necklace. These had obviously belonged to Lily Potter. Set with sparkling diamonds and a centre emerald, the necklace was truly a work of art. The earrings were formed in an intricate twisting design with a nice emerald at the centre. Susan was determined to show Harry her best assets on her wedding day. And the night... Oh, the night. She was planning on making it VERY memorable for the both of them.

Meanwhile, Hermione set to work with her gown. The taffeta dress was elegant and yet simple. It seemed to fit her well and accentuate her curves. The low cut back dipped well down and clung to her figure. The diamond accents in front, sparkled and drew the eye to her neck and the belt cinched her waist just right. The tiara fit her head after magically resizing itself. The effect was amazing. She tried the open toed dainty shoes and decided the overall effect would leave Harry mesmerized. A touch of pale rose lip-gloss to match her fingernail polish and she was set to dazzle. She would not let Susan outshine her on her special day. The night would be hers to claim Harry and show him that she had waited for him and only him.

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The Christmas spirit was in full swing at Hogwarts. Hagrid had dragged in twelve large Christmas trees to the Great Hall.

Most of the students had gone home for the holidays, the ones remaining were invited to Potter Manor for the weddings. However, there was one other student that was staying. Draco was keeping an eye on Harry.

Professor Flitwick was busy charming the trees with magical snow that would seem to float down and settle on the trees but would never build up beyond a light dusting. He had already created magical icicles and a swarm of small fairies that danced in and out of the branches. Everlasting candles provided the lights on the trees.

Each of the students that remained behind was busy creating ornaments for the trees. Some of the ornaments were truly inspired. One of the seventh year students had created a miniature Quidditch Pitch, with small figures flying around in a never-ending game.

"Ten points for Ravenclaw, for that bit of magic," McGonagall smiled at the proud student.

Professor McGonagall had transfigured the suits of armour to move and sing Christmas carols.

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Harry, Susan and Hermione would spend the day before Christmas at Hogwarts, keeping out of the way of the elves at Potter Manor. Christmas Eve and Christmas Day would be spent at home. Harry was still getting used to calling Potter Manor, 'Home'. The girls were increasingly agitated. Nerves and tears were the order of the next few days.

"Harry! You can't come in here," Hermione admonished, the day before they were due to portkey to Hogwarts. "I'm trying on my wedding gown and you can't see it until the day of the wedding. And don't you go sneaking into Susan's room either. She's making last minute adjustments as well!"

Harry just hoped that this would soon be over and he could settle down with his two wives to a more normal pace. He loved his two, soon to be wives, but the last few weeks had been hard on his nerves. Jean Granger had, thankfully, whipped the manor into shape. Dan had wisely kept out of the way, trusting his wife and the elves to do the bulk of the work. He helped when called upon, but spent most of his time with Harry, keeping his mind occupied while the girls fretted over a thousand details.

The invitations and acceptances were delivered; the decorations were in place and the rooms were prepared for the guests that would be staying. Amelia Bones and the Weasley family would stay for both weddings. Albus would perform the wedding magical ceremonies and Professor McGonagall would stay one night for each wedding. Amelia had arranged for a small team of Aurors to look after the security at the weddings. Nymphadora Tonks, Kingsley Shacklebolt and retired Master Auror, Alastor Moody were the assigned Aurors.

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Christmas Eve day arrived and the Potter Manor troupe had just portkeyed to the Great Hall. Dan and Jean Granger had never seen the castle before and were suitably awed. Albus, welcomed Harry, Susan, Hermione and her parents and quickly ushered them all to his office.

"Please sit," the Headmaster offered, as he transfigured several comfortable chairs for them. "Lemon drop?"

They all declined, thanking him.

"Is everything ready for the weddings, Harry?"

"Yes, Headmaster. We will portkey everyone to Potter Manor on the wedding days from here in the Great Hall. You will forgive me, I hope, if the location remains a secret. After all, the fewer people that actually know the location, the safer we will be."

"Of course, I understand, Harry. Your precautions are commendable, although I wish you would have reconsidered and held the ceremonies here at Hogwarts."

"I'm sorry, Headmaster, but we just didn't feel safe enough here. Death Eaters have already tried to kill us several times already. I had a bad feeling about holding the weddings here."

"Very well, however, I was unaware that you were able to make portkeys..."

“Oh, the Goblins made a special one for me. I can re-use it to take anyone and me to Potter Manor. It will only recognize me. Anyone else attempting to use it without me will land in a Goblin dungeon. I’m told they are very ‘uncomfortable’,” Harry smirked. “Oh, and magic doesn’t work there.”

In truth, the Goblin dungeons were the most unsavoury places imaginable: true horrors of doom. Sharp glass for floors, constant, freezing cold, dark, dank and horribly smelly. Of course, with the very low ceilings, one could not stand up in the cells either. All in all, a most unsatisfactory place to be incarcerated.

Albus had to agree that Harry seemed to have a well protected home. He had been unable to locate it and suspected it was under very strong wards, probably a Fidelius Charm as well. There was no point in asking the Goblins where it was. Lately, they had been distinctly unfriendly, even rude.

They chatted for awhile; Albus and the Grangers getting to know one another. After ascertaining when the ceremonies would take place, Albus led them back to the Great Hall, for a sumptuous lunch.

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Christmas Eve was spent relaxing at Potter Manor. After a few games of cards and a hearty supper, Jean and Dan retired to bed.

Harry led the girls to his bedroom shortly after. “Susan, Hermione, umm... er...”

“Harry, we know what you want,” Susan chided. “Can’t wait, hmm?”

“Well...” Harry started.

“Come on Harry,” Hermione assured him. “We want it too.”

The bed became very active that night, both witches taking turns reminding Harry why he was marrying them. Hours later, three exhausted teens finally found sleep in each other’s arms.

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Christmas morning saw three tired teens struggle down to breakfast. Jean and Dan had been waiting and one look at the teens told them more than they wanted to know. Teasing, Jean started in. "Have a nice lay in dears? We thought you'd be up bright and early after going to bed so early last night."

"Mmfff," Harry answered, sleep still on his mind.

Susan yawned and sat down at the table. "Need coffee... yawn, before I can think straight."

Hermione, however, was wide-awake. Too wound up to sleep, she had patiently waited for her two bedmates to awake. "Morning Mum, Dad. Dobby!"

"Miss Grangey called?" the diminutive house elf enquired.

"Good morning Dobby, could you get us some coffee, please? I'll take tea."

Yawning widely, Harry asked, "Maybe some toast and jam too, Dobby?"

"Yes sir, Harry Potter sir." And with a crack, he was gone, only to reappear seconds later with a proper English breakfast for the five of them.

Cody appeared, right on Dobby's heels. "Master Harry, there were some packages that arrived by owls this morning. We think some might be dark."

That caught Harry's attention. "Packages? Is there anything to indicate who sent them?"

"No, Master. We were suspicious, since the wards flared on two of the packages and incinerated them."

“Voldemort!” Harry said, explosively. “Thank Merlin the wards block dark magic.”

Dan interjected. “How would he know where we are, Harry?”

“He wouldn’t, Dan. The owls can find this place, somehow. I’ll have to find a way to block that.”

Hermione thought about that. “I need to do some research. There should be a book on wards here that could tell us.”

“Good idea, love. After we open our presents, we’ll look through the library.”

After a leisurely breakfast, they made their way to the lounge, where the huge Christmas tree awaited. The elves had done a superb job of decorating, and brightly coloured packages awaited under the tree.

Dobby was dressed as Father Christmas, with a big floppy red and white hat that almost covered his huge eyes. Mismatched socks and a red suit with polka dots completed his outfit; overall, a strange and comical sight.

Dobby distributed the presents and gasped as all the elves received presents as well. Eye’s leaking huge tears of joy, he hugged Harry and then the others. “Harry Potter sir, is Dobby’s very best friend.”

Harry opened his presents and gasped in delight at the beautiful knitted sweater that Hermione made for him. “It’s beautiful, Hermione. I forgot you knew how to knit.” The sweater was a soft green cashmere and had a small golden snitch woven into the left breast.

Susan had given him a monogrammed Quidditch set. Harry was speechless. “Susan, where did you find this? It’s great! Thank you.

Jean and Dan had bought him a new set of dress robes with the Potter and Black crests displayed just above the left breast.

Hermione and Susan also got a matching set from the Granger's. Susan's, had a fine gold thread monogrammed below the crests with the words: Lady Black. Hermione's said Lady Potter.

The girls squealed with delight and Harry's eye's teared up in gratitude.

Harry had his surprises for the girls, hidden in a series of boxes, each within a successively smaller box, until finally, they opened the last box to reveal a small golden egg. The egg was the size of a walnut and was hinged. Carefully opening the egg, the girls were startled to find a small ring made of gold. The rings were much too small for their fingers and the girls looked at Harry quizzically, until the light dawned on them. They both exploded out of their chairs at the same time, grabbing Harry and squealing in delight, hugging and kissing him, tears streaming down their faces.

The Granger's looked stunned. What had Harry given them? It looked like tiny rings; then they too, figured it out. The rings were for baby's. Harry had asked for children!

"The rings will grow with the children, loves," Harry stated shyly. "I have a few spares for the future as well."

Dan and Jean received new clothes from Hermione and Susan: a white hand knitted cashmere sweater from Hermione for Jean, A handsome grey one for Dan.

Susan gave them each a new dragon hide wallet. A Gringotts platinum card was inside each. "You can use that card anywhere Jean and Dan. The cards will automatically debit our accounts, so you don't have to worry about paying bills. The cards are from all of us."

Dan and Jeans initial thoughts were to refuse the cards as too much, but a look from Harry, changed their minds. They stuttered their thanks, blushing a deep red.

The rest of the day proceeded with games and small talk. Jean could see that Hermione was working herself into a nervous state in

anticipation of the wedding. Finally, Harry served them a glass of wine from his wine cellar. That seemed to calm Hermione a bit. The wine was a smooth Chardonnay from France that had aged well.

Cody, ever the consummate butler, called them to dinner and served a wonderful roast turkey, brussels sprouts, roast potatoes, cranberry sauce, rich nutty stuffing, tiny sausages wrapped in bacon and lashings of hot gravy. For dessert, there was a rich, fruit pudding, doused in flaming brandy.

Sated, after the magnificent meal, they relaxed in the lounge, talking and planning for tomorrow's wedding, until with hidden yawns, they all excused themselves for bed.

Tomorrow would be a busy and exciting day. Little did they know, just how exciting.

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Chapter 17: The Weddings (Part 1)

After a good night's sleep, Harry was up early. He decided to let the girls sleep in a bit, as it was going to be a long day. Hermione, however, had beat him by almost an hour. She was already down for breakfast and fussing with her hair.

"Oooh, It just won't lay flat! Mimi," she called. The diminutive house elf appeared and immediately saw the problem.

"Mimi will fix hair, Mistress," and with a wave of her hand, Hermione's hair smoothed and untangled itself.

"That's great, Mimi, thank you. I'll need you later to help me style it for the wedding. Good morning Harry," she greeted, as Harry emerged, surprised that she was awake so early.

"Good morning, sweetheart. I thought you'd take advantage of a little extra sleep this morning. It'll be a long, hectic day," Harry replied.

"I couldn't sleep," she replied. "I'm too excited. I guess. There's so much to do, I don't know how I'll be ready..."

"Relax, love, that's what we have house elves for. They'll make sure you're ready in time. After Susan awakes, you two will be in the capable hands of Mimi and Minni, as well as your mum. I have to go to Hogwarts, later, to bring everyone here."

Jean and Dan wandered in for breakfast; Honi and Lonni had prepared a large breakfast for everyone and as Susan walked in, yawning widely, they sat down to waffles with blueberry compote, with a rasher of bacon, sausages, oranges and pumpkin juice. Coffee and tea completed the meal. This was rather more than they were used to, but the house elves insisted they needed the energy to get through the day. Hermione picked at her food, declaring she wouldn't be able to hold much down, this morning. Honi tut-tutted, glaring at her until Hermione gave in and ate a decent amount.

Excusing herself, she quietly made her way to the loo and voided what she had just eaten. Her nerves were so keyed up, she didn't

notice Mimi cast a calming spell on her, before sneaking away. Suddenly hungry, she quickly cleaned up and rushed back to the breakfast nook and practically gobbled down another full breakfast.

Honi, smirked and shared a secret smile with Mimi.

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After breakfast, Harry kissed the girls and bade them goodbye, promising to see them in a few hours. The wedding was scheduled for two o'clock, so the girls would be occupied for the rest of the morning. Dan wanted to busy himself helping the house elves prepare for the wedding. There wasn't much he could do, and the elves would shoo him away as soon as he tried to help, so he went outside to check on the preparations out in the gardens. Shooed away from there, he wandered around, feeling left out. He wandered a bit further than he'd intended and found himself in an open field at the front of the manor. Turning around, he could no longer see the manor and became confused. He wandered a bit further, lost in confusion until a pop behind him startled him. Cody firmly took his hand and guided him back through the wards.

"Mr. Granger, it is not safe to wander outside the wards. Once outside the wards, only a Potter can see the manor."

"Thank you Cody, I'll remember that."

.....

Harry arrived at Hogwarts with his portkey and proceeded to the Headmaster's office. "Good morning sir," Harry greeted Dumbledore, as he emerged from the moving stairs.

"Ah, Harry. How are you this fine morning?"

"I feel great, sir. How many are ready for transport?"

"I think the Aurors and Amelia are ready, the students are still at breakfast and Professors McGonagall, Flitwick and Sprout are also just finishing breakfast. They should be ready in an hour, I should

think. The rest of the teachers will stay here to maintain a presence for those students that will not be accompanying you.

Harry figured that it would take five trips to portkey everyone to Potter Manor. Walking back to the Great Hall, Ginny accosted him.

“Harry, Ron can’t make it!”

“What? But he’s my Best Man! He has to be there.”

“Ron’s in the hospital wing. Someone caught him unaware outside and cursed him. He has a broken leg and is unconscious at the moment. Madam Pomfrey says he’ll be okay, but doesn’t want him to move for several days.”

“Bollocks! Any idea who did it?”

“No, but we suspected Malfoy, but he says he has an alibi. Probably Goyle or Crabbe, then.”

“Great! I’ll have to ask Neville if he can be Best Man. Oh! I see Fleur and Gabrielle are here. Good. I need to talk to them, can you please excuse me? I’ll be transporting everyone a bit later.”

“Sure, Harry. I need to get ready anyway.”

“Fleur, Gabrielle!” Harry greeted the girls. “I’m so glad you could come.”

“Arry, we are ‘appy to zee you,” Fleur replied, kissing him on the cheek.

“Hello Harry, It’s good of you to invite us,” Gabrielle answered.

Harry noticed once again, that Gabrielle’s English was much better than Fleur’s. The two girls looked radiant in there gowns, silver blond hair flowing down their backs.

“Are you ready to go? I have a portkey to take us there.”

“Oui,” Fleur answered. “Our muzzer and papa couldn’t come, but zey sent zere best wishes.”

Okay, touch this silk scarf and we’ll go.”

They quickly complied and the trio disappeared.

After greeting everyone in the lounge with hugs all around, Harry portkeyed back to Hogwarts.

“Neville!” Harry spotted him leaving the Great Hall. “I need a really big favour, Nev.”

“What is it Harry? You know I’d be glad to help.”

“Well, um... I just found out that Ron is in the hospital and I need a Best Man. Would you consider standing up for me as Best Man? I know it’s way late to be asking, but I need you, Nev. I would have asked you weeks ago, but, well, Ron was always my mate until this year. Um... I still should have asked you first.”

“It’s okay Harry, I understand and I’d be happy to be your Best Man. I’ll need to get ready though. Do you have the rings?”

“Thanks, Neville, that’s a load off my mind. Here are the rings. You’ll have to give one to the Bridesmaid to give to Hermione for me.”

“No problem, Harry. I’ll be ready in a half-hour.”

The Aurors and Amelia Bones were waiting for him. Amelia took Harry aside for a private word before they left.

“How is Susan, Harry? Is she alright? I haven’t had much time with her these past months. I must say, it was quite a surprise to find her engaged. You seem to be very good for her, Harry. I’ve never seen her so happy. I thought the death of her parents would have withdrawn her from the world, but you seem to have brought her out of her shell.”

“Thanks Amelia, she’s a very special girl. I thought she would fall apart after her parents death, but I was able to comfort her when she needed it. I never left her alone for a moment. We had loads of fun in Europe and she and Hermione are now best of friends as well. I’m so glad I found her. Susan’s the first girl that really showed me that love could be so much more than what I believed possible. Hermione, on the other hand, kind of snuck up on me. I’ve known her from the first day I arrived on the Hogwarts Express. I never realised how much I loved her all these years as well. Susan is loyal and funny; Hermione is smart and brave. I have the best of both worlds.

Returning to the Aurors, Harry told them to grab hold of the scarf and a moment later, they were gone.

Susan greeted her aunt and the Aurors went to station themselves around the portkey point, in order to prevent the unauthorized entrance of troublemakers.

Harry returned a third time to pick up the professors. After he had transported them to Potter Manor, he planned to make two more trips. Dumbledore interrupted him before he left.

“Harry, I would be very careful from this point on. There is a possibility of infiltration into Hogwarts. One of the prefects saw young Draco Malfoy sneaking around, watching your comings and goings. I probably should have stayed behind until all the students were here.”

“Thanks for the warning Professor, I have a few ideas that might give me an advantage.”

As soon as Harry arrived in the Great Hall, he was grabbed by Lucius Malfoy, who stuck a wand at his throat and coolly sneered, “Let’s go, Potter, we wouldn’t want your brides to wait too long, now, would we?”

Harry, forced to portkey Lucius to Potter Manor, decided to see how good the goblin dungeons were. He let go of the portkey as soon as Lucius grabbed it, and spoke “Activate”. Lucius was instantly transported to the goblin dungeon.

Lucius screamed as landed on the sharp glass floor. Carefully getting to his feet, Malfoy found he couldn't stand, due to the low ceiling, and fell back to the sharp floor again. His hands, arms, face and knees were now bleeding freely, the stench was incredible and he could see nothing. Reaching in the darkness, he found his wand, saying "lumos", but nothing happened. 'Well,' he thought, 'I'll just apparate out of here.' Much to his surprise, he couldn't apparate. Trying several other spells, he quickly learned that nothing worked. Then, a low growl broke the quiet, followed shortly by a long drawn out scream... Crunching sounds and a disgusting belch followed, before silence once again descended on the dungeon. The portkey returned itself to the Great Hall, and Harry's waiting hand. Harry smiled evilly, as he noticed a smear of blood on the portkey.

Gathering the Weasley's, and telling them to touch the portkey, he activated it and transferred the next group to Potter Manor.

Draco wondered what had happened. Seeing the smile on Potter's face, he gulped and faded into the background. Bellatrix met him in the corridor and he explained that his father had disappeared without Potter.

"Next time Potter appears, I'll take him Draco, you will report to the Dark Lord after we leave."

Draco had a bad feeling about this, but his aunt insisted she could handle 'Baby Potter'.

After dropping the Weasley's in the reception area of Potter Manor, Harry briefed Susan and Hermione what had happened. "I'm going back for Neville and his Gran. That should be the lot of them, everyone else is here."

Be careful, Harry, There could be more than just Lucius waiting," Susan implored.

Harry smiled, reassuringly. "I'm hoping there are more! The Goblin dungeon took care of Lucius, maybe we can get more."

Portkeying back to Hogwarts, he found Belatrix waiting and grabbed Harry. Harry thought, 'Now it's payback time for Neville's parents.'

"Don't make any sudden moves, Potter, I'm going to enjoy this. I think we'll stop at your little hidey hole to pick up your brides. I'm sure the Dark Lord will want to greet you with a nice wedding present. Perhaps Lucius has already taken care of them." She giggled insanely at this and Harry knew revenge would be sweet. "Let's go Potter," she commanded, taking hold of the portkey. Before she realised that Harry had let go and yelled "activate", she was gone.

The first thing she noticed was that it was dark, then her head hit a very low ceiling and she fell to her knees on the sharp glass. Cursing, she tried to apparate out of wherever the hell she was. Nothing happened. 'Anti-apparation wards' she thought. "Lumos!" Nothing happened. She tried several dark spells, to no avail. 'Well, this is strange, magic doesn't work here, wherever here is,' she thought. Stumbling blindly, she tripped over what seemed to be a body, then the stench hit her. 'Eww, what is that smell? It's smells like someone soiled themselves recently.' Not one to be afraid of the dark, she stumbled on finally bringing up against a cold stone wall. As soon as she touched the wall, a faint light lit the wall. She was able to see briefly, before a six yellow eyes could be seen staring at her. She could just make out the three heads of an enormous dog-like creature that had raised its heads from a recent meal. Glancing down in horror, she recognised the face of Lucius Malfoy, mouth open in a silent scream. Backing away quickly, she hit her head on the low ceiling again and stumbled. That was enough for the Cerebus to attack. 'Fluffy' was only thing to hear the screams that ended the life of Belatrix.

When the portkey returned to Harry, he smiled again. One less Death Eater to worry about.

Draco knew that something had definitely gone wrong and he bolted from the castle. He realised that the Dark Lord would not be happy, but knew he had to report to him. Maybe his father and aunt had accomplished their task, but he doubted it.

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Gathering up Neville, his Gran, Hannah, Luna and several others, Harry portkeyed them to Potter Manor.

"Did you get everybody, Harry?" Susan asked.

"Dobby!" Harry called.

"Yes, Harry Potter, sir?"

"I think everyone is here now. Can you make sure I haven't forgotten anyone?"

"Dobby has checked with Cody and everyone is here," Dobby replied.

"Okay, we need to get ready. The ceremony starts in an hour."

"Harry," Susan asked, "you were gone a long time. Did something happen?"

"Lucius Malfoy and Bellatrix LeStrange tried to force me to portkey them here," Harry smirked. "I don't think they'll bother anyone again. I hear the goblin dungeons are very nasty places. I'm betting they don't survive very long there."

"You got Bellatrix, Harry?" Neville asked. "I owe you for that. I just wish I'd had the chance to kill her."

"Lucius Malfoy too?" Susan asked. "You've avenged my parent's deaths, Harry," she sobbed, clinging to him. "I-I can't thank..."

"Shh, love, he can't harm us now." Harry gathered Susan in his arms until she was able to control herself. Wiping her eyes and hiccupping he led her upstairs to prepare for the wedding.

Hermione was still in her room, preparing and fidgeting. Mimi and Minni were just about finished styling Hermione's hair and were preparing to attend Susan. A few minutes later, her mum entered the room.

Jean Granger, proudly looked at her daughter. "Sweetie, you look beautiful. Harry will melt when he sees you."

"Mum, I'm really nervous. I hope I don't trip or do something stupid."

"You'll be fine dear. Every bride goes through this. Harry's waiting, it's almost time to go."

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Hannah & Neville were waiting when Harry emerged. Neville noticed that Harry looked a bit nervous. "Last minute jitters, Harry?"

"Um... yeah, I guess so. So much has happened today, I haven't had much time to sit and think. Now it's catching up to me. 'Merlin!' he thought, 'I hope I'm not this nervous at the alter, or worse, in bed tonight.'

"You'll be fine, Harry. All grooms are nervous." Dan Granger had seen his soon to be son-in-law's worried looks. I just saw Hermione, she looks gorgeous!"

"Merlin, I can't stand the wait! If I wait much longer, I'll be a quivering mass of goo, babbling incoherently at the alter.

Dumbledore approached. "It's time, Harry, let's move outside. Everything's set."

'Finally,' he thought. Moving quickly to the garden, Harry saw that indeed, everything was set. The setting was like a dream. The elves had cast a warming spell on the garden area and it was like a spring day. The snow that had fallen during the night created a silvery wonderland. Flowers had been magically nursed to bloom and a thousand fairy lights danced in the rose bushes.

The guests were already seated, with Neville and Hannah in place on either side of the alter. Albus walked with Harry to the alter and took his place. Magical music started softly playing the wedding march.

As Harry waited, nervously shifting, he turned to see his bride to be, escorted slowly down the aisle by her father. Harry gasped in delight at the vision of loveliness approaching. Hermione truly looked stunning. He had eyes only for her as she made her way to his side.

"Dearly beloved," Dumbledore intoned. "We are gathered together today to join in matrimony, these two fine people."

The rest of the ceremony was a blur to Harry. Later, Hermione would tease him that he looked completely out of it. He did manage to say the appropriate vows at the proper times, but Harry couldn't remember most of it. His mind had practically locked up at the sight of the beauty before him.

"Ahem, Harry! You may kiss the bride, Harry. Harry!"

Blinking, Harry suddenly remembered where he was. 'Smooth, Potter, don't mess it up now.' He thought, blushing. Gathering her in his arms, he claimed his bride with a tender kiss. She responded, deepening the kiss, a smile on her face that refused to go away.

"I now present to all of you, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Potter, known as Lord and Lady Potter," Dumbledore proclaimed.

Smiling widely, Harry and Hermione bowed to cheers and made their way to the manor. Hermione grinned at her mother who smiled back, albeit with tears in the corners of her eyes. Her father looked proudly at his daughter, thinking, "I've not lost a daughter, I've gained a son-in-law. I think we came out ahead."

A reception followed and the couple managed to talk to everyone. Afterwards, a band struck up and dancing began. Harry led Hermione on to the dance floor, holding her close in a slow waltz. The music then picked up as other couples joined in. Harry next danced with Susan, who by this time had felt quite left out.

"Don't worry, love, your turn comes in a few days. Today and tonight is Hermione's time with me. I'll be all yours, soon." He kissed her and returned to Hermione.

Harry managed to dance with all his favourite girls and most of the older women as well. Jean Granger was a superb dancer and made Harry feel comfortable, telling him how lucky he was to have two such beautiful women to love. Professor McGonagall showed Harry that she could relax and enjoy herself, showing him that she wasn't as stuffy as he expected her to be. Molly Weasley practically smothered him, as she was wont to do, congratulating him, although with a glistening of her eyes that told him that she had hoped Ginny would have been the one walking down the aisle with him.

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Hermione was waiting for Harry in the bedroom. Tonight he would take her as his wife, for the first time. Her nerves made her shake a bit. 'How will he be, now that we are married?' she thought. She had prepared herself with a short, sheer negligee that hid very little. Blushing furiously, she saw Harry enter, a loose robe covering him after his shower. His messy hair was still damp, but his green eyes were full of passion as he took in the sight of his new bride.

" 'Mione," he sighed, "You look gorgeous! I'm so lucky..."

"Hush love, I'm the lucky one."

Pulling him into a kiss, her hands worked under his robe as his hands wrapped around her. As the kiss deepened, their tongues sought entrance and danced together. Her soft hand wrapped itself around his erection, stroking him and teasing him. Harry groaned and a hand worked under her silk negligee to cup her bum, softly squeezing and caressing it. He pulled her closer, his robe dropping from his shoulders and pooled at his feet.

"Harry," she moaned, as his member stiffened, poking her in the belly. "I need you inside me."

Quickly divesting her of the filmy garment, Harry led her to the bed. Gently lifting her, he placed her on the bed and kneeling over her, leaned forward to claim her lips once again. His hand massaged a breast, thumb and finger rolling the erect nipple, teasing first one then

the other. She squirmed under him, her hand reaching down to grasp his cock.

Harry settled down on her, as she guided him into her. She was already wet and he slid in easily. Withdrawing slightly, he felt her warm pussy resist the retreat. She rose up to meet his thrusts, drawing him deep inside her. Slowly, they made love. In perfect rhythm, their bodies built the exquisite pleasure. As they neared the peak, he relaxed and the coasted for a minute before beginning again. Thrust, relax, thrust, relax. They continued this for almost an hour, before their bodies could no longer deny the mounting pleasure and need for release. Hermione was the first to climax, followed by Harry. Their hips flashing urgently and powerfully, they built toward a second and then a third orgasm, each more powerful than the last. Finally sated, they rolled on their sides, Harry still firmly inserted in her, Her legs wrapped around him.

Four more times that night they made love, until sleep finally claimed them.

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Chapter 18: The Weddings (part 2)

Dreaming, Hermione remembered every detail of their wedding. The way Harry looked at her when she started to walk down the aisle. She smirked in her sleep. He looked gob smacked and couldn't keep his eyes off her. She was glad the taffeta gown fit her so well. The crisp, smooth woven silk fabric hugged her waist and breasts, flowing smoothly to the floor. Standing next to him, she felt a thrill that she could have such an effect on him. He looked at her as if mesmerized. When the Headmaster recited the vows, Harry answered automatically, still looking only at her.

"With this ring, I thee wed, to have and to hold in sickness and in health, for richer or poorer through death and forever." The rings. Hannah handed her Harry's ring and Neville handed Harry, hers. He seemed to come out of his trance as he fitted the ring to her finger. It sealed itself to her bond ring and a brief flare of magic ensued. Hermione felt giddy, as she took Harry's hand and repeated the vow, placing his ring on his finger. It immediately bonded with his bond ring and a bright flare of magic surrounded the pair.

She heard Dumbledore say, "I now pronounce you husband and wife. Ahem, Harry! You may kiss the bride, Harry. Harry!"

Harry seemed to hesitate for a second, then he gently pulled her to him and tenderly kissed her. Oh, that Kiss! She couldn't get enough of it.

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Hermione was awake early the next day. Cradled in Harry's embrace, she basked in the warmth he provided. Memories of last night and yesterday still swirled in her head. She shivered in delight at the delicious feeling of Harry still inside her. If she thought they had made love before, it was nothing compared to last night.

'Mrs. Hermione Potter,' she thought. 'Hermione Jean Potter. I have the same initials as Harry - HJP. It has a lovely ring to it.' Then she explored the title. 'Lady Potter.' She had never expected that. 'What

does a “Lady” do in this society?’ That was a question she’d have to research.

Harry awoke slowly, to find his new wife draped over him. Legs entwined with his, head resting on his chest and long flowing hair spread over his stomach. He grinned and reached a hand to stroke her back, eliciting a soft giggle from her. “Good morning Mrs. Potter.”

“A very good morning to you, Mr. Potter,” she sighed.

Harry junior awoke at the same time, hardening inside her. She reached down and stroked him softly, feeling his shaft where it joined her wet mound.

“Mmmm, Hermione, I think we can put off breakfast a little longer. I’m hungry for you. Last night was... Wow!”

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Harry and Hermione didn’t see much of anyone for the next two days. Dobby popped in bringing them meals but he was the only one to see them. Susan was definitely getting lonely and by the third day, when they finally emerged from Harry’s bedroom, she was desperate.

Finding the lovely Hufflepuff close to tears, Harry pulled her to him after breakfast. “Susan, you know I love you too. Hermione’s had her time with me, now we...”

Susan burst into tears, sobbing loudly against Harry’s chest. “Y-you h-haven’t even s-seen me for three days, H-Harry,” she stuttered, hiccupping. “You c-could have at l-least c-come out of the b-bedroom.”

“Shh, love. We needed the time to bond. Your time is now. Our wedding is in three days. Don’t think for a minute I’ve forgotten how important you are to my life. If it weren’t for you, I-I don’t know what would have happened. I may never have come back to school. You taught me how to love. That’s the most precious thing you could ever give me.”

Susan's sobs gradually stopped and Harry conjured a tissue for her eyes, kissing them gently. A tremulous smile started and she hugged Harry to her, never wanting to let go. "You're sweet, Harry, I was so jealous of Hermione. It seemed like forever, you two were in there."

"Hermione's just as important to me as you are, Susan. I've known Hermione longer, but it's you that claimed my heart first. Remember all the time we had together over the summer. Hermione wasn't part of that, but she's part of our lives now."

"I know, love, it's just... I don't know... she married first. I love her too, but I hate to share. I know I said we would, but it'll take some time before I'm really comfortable with it. Watching you two make love is a turn-on, but it's more than sex, Harry. Our love is still a bit fragile, we need to work hard to strengthen it."

At that point, Hermione emerged, walking a bit stiffly. She grinned at Susan and pulled her into a hug. "Merlin, Susan, he was insatiable. Wait until you have him to yourself! I think I won't be able to stand properly for days."

Harry blushed as Jean and Dan picked that moment to arrive for breakfast. Jean couldn't help teasing the couple. "Well, well, the long lost couple. We thought you'd left the manor, but we kept hearing these moans and yells coming from the bedroom. Really, you two, did you actually sleep these last three days?"

Harry mumbled something inaudible and Hermione blushed a deep scarlet.

Susan whimpered, and Jean immediately knew she'd gone too far. "Oh dear! I'm sorry Susan, I was just teasing them. Your turn comes in a few days."

"I-it's alright, I just missed him so much these last few days. We haven't been apart this long, since June." A small tremulous smile started on her face.

Jean pulled her into a tight hug; unshed tears glistening in her eyes. “I understand dear, come, we have a lot to do to prepare for your wedding. Let’s eat first and then we’ll plan something special.”

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As the New Year approached, Susan was finally able to smile, Harry had taken her to bed last night and proved he still loved her as much as she loved him.

This morning it had snowed and the three of them went outside for a romp in the snow: Susan and Hermione ganging up on Harry in a snowball fight. Laughing and giggling, the girls had peppered Harry with snowballs until he looked like a snowman himself. The lake was frozen and Hermione conjured ice skates. Susan looked dubious, but Harry encouraged her and soon they were skating unsteadily around the lake. Harry caught on quickly and was soon zooming back and forth from one end to the other.

Susan gathered her courage and struck out, only to fall on her bum. “Oww! That ice is hard, Harry.”

Harry quickly lifted her up and wrapping an arm around her waist and holding her hand, he guided her in a dance like movement until she gained more confidence. Hermione cast a small spell on her skates to keep her from falling again and soon the threesome was gliding to music only they could hear.

Hermione learned to skate at an early age and was very good. She spun and leaped, gliding across the ice in a series of graceful maneuvers that left Harry and Susan gaping in amazement.

From inside the manor, Jean and Dan watched as the trio enjoyed themselves outside.

Jean sighed, “Remember when we did that Dan? I’m glad we taught Hermione how to skate; she looks so happy and carefree. Harry and Susan seem to have taken to skating quite quickly. Harry’s a natural and Susan looks like she’s teasing Harry. See how closely he holds

her. Every time he lets her go, she stumbles and he quickly grabs her. See the smirk on her face. She's enjoying this."

Dan had to agree. "It's a game. You used to play that game too, remember. It's a way to keep him close. I think she missed Harry these past days, more than we thought."

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The morning of the wedding, Susan was in a panic. She had misplaced her wand. She was sure she had left it... just where had she left it? She couldn't remember. Searching frantically, she couldn't even remember when she last had it. Fortunately, she finally remembered that she had packed her old wand in Harry's trunk when they portkeyed from the Grangers. Her new wand was safely stored in Harry's trunk as well. She wasn't sure if she could open Harry's trunk, but was surprised when the trunk wards accepted her 'Harry must have reset the wards to allow me and Hermione access. How sweet of him,' she thought. Fetching her new wand, she started to style her hair, when Mimi interrupted.

"Mistress Susan, Minni and I will be taking care of you today. Master Harry doesn't want you to worry about anything."

"What about Hermione?" Susan asked.

"Oh, Missus Granger is looking after her," replied the elf.

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Harry was busy that morning; portkeying to Hogwarts to pick up the wedding party.

Amelia was waiting for him with Aurors Tonks, Shacklebolt and Moody. Amelia would be the minister performing the wedding this time. Albus was unable to attend, due to the school opening the following day. Minerva, Pomona and Filius had prepared ahead of time for the return of the students and were able to attend the wedding. Fleur and Gabrielle, along with their mother were also waiting. Ron had been released from hospital and would be Harry's

best man. Hannah, as Susan's best friend would be her maid of honour. George, Fred, Lavender, Padma and Parvati, as well as Ernie Macmillan and Justin Finch-Fletchley were invited. Ginny, Luna, Neville and Remus completed the guest list.

Ginny was a bit put out that she hadn't been named as a bridesmaid, but Harry explained that Hannah had offered for Hermione's wedding, since it was a muggle type wedding, while Susan was Hannah's best friend. Ginny huffed a bit, since she considered Hermione her best female friend besides Luna. Harry sympathized, but the deed was done. He felt sorry for Ginny and decided that she could be flower girl if she wanted. Ginny grinned and accepted.

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Draco couldn't believe that his father and aunt were missing. He had relayed what he had seen to Ted Nott's father to report to the Dark Lord. No one had seen Lucius or Bella since the day of the wedding and the Dark Lord was furious. 'This is Potter's doing,' Draco thought. This only incensed him more. 'I'll have to find a way to get them when they come back to school. I'll need some help though, maybe Ted, Pansy and Blaise.'

Walking back to the Slytherin dungeon, he started to plan.

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After the last people had been transferred to Potter Manor, Harry returned to Gringotts for a meeting with the goblins. Griphook met him and ushered him to his office.

"Greetings Lord Potter-Black," Griphook addressed him. "How may we help you today?"

"Please Griphook, call me Harry. Well, I'd like to know about a wedding ring for Susan and myself. Hermione's and my ring have fused with the bond rings, but those were from the Potter vault."

"I'm sure the Black vault will have a similar set of rings, shall we see?"

After the usual fast ride on the goblin cart, they arrived at the Black family vault. This was obviously an old vault and was deep in the bowels of Gringotts. Harry suspected it was almost as old as the Potter vault. Presenting his key to Griphook, he stepped back as the vault swung open. Griphook cast a cleaning spell as green smoke drifted out. The smoke was odorless, but apparently had some effect, as Harry started coughing. Slumping to the floor, Harry managed to call Griphook before losing consciousness.

Griphook turned, seeing Harry fall and rushed back to revive him. "I'm sorry Harry, I forgot you hadn't visited the Black vault before. You would have needed to press the Black ring to the door before I unlock it."

"Now you tell me."

Entering the vault, Harry noticed that there were many odd things in it. Old tapestries, portraits, clothing that looked distinctly odd, almost like a... and then he realized. It was a dragon-hide suit. 'That could be useful.' He thought. The suit looked to be one piece with a hood that would almost completely cover his head. Then he spotted the chests. Most were overflowing with precious gems, but at least one had rings and pendants in it.

Searching through the rings, he found a set, nearly identical with the Potter rings. Selecting a beautiful platinum ring with a set of 4 small diamonds surrounding a strange black stone as well as a more masculine mate, he also took a plain gold band that was obviously for a child. He figured he would need that ring eventually when Susan and he had a child. He was looking forward to that. "Harry, these rings are a bit different than the Potter rings. While the Potter rings will protect the wearer, the Black rings act as a portkey as well, bringing the wearer to Gringotts. The black stone is a rare Black Spinel and has been often called "black sapphire" or "nin" in Thailand. Goblin miners here often call it Blackjack and regard it as an indicator of good sapphire being present in the wash. Let there be no confusion though as black spinel is an excellent gemstone in its own right."

A/N: Mythology and Lore: There is a wealth of mythology surrounding black spinel. It is believed to protect its owner from harm, to reconcile differences, and to console sadness. Some say that black spinel is the stone for people born on Saturday. While in Western culture, black may be associated with evil or mourning; in other cultures, black may represent power, fertility or wisdom.

Accompanying Griphook back to the main hall, he thanked him, bade him farewell and portkeyed back to Potter Manor.

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Everyone was waiting for Harry when he arrived. "Harry, where have you been?" Ron complained. "It's almost time for the ceremony and no one knew where you were."

"Relax Ron, I had to pick up the rings." He presented Ron with the ring to give him for Susan and searched out Hannah for the counterpart for Susan to give him.

"What a lovely ring, Harry," Hannah exclaimed. "The black gem sets off the ring perfectly. What is the stone, Harry?"

"It's called Black Spinel. It's a relative of the Sapphire family. Susan's is surrounded with 4 diamonds."

"Ooh, I have to see that. Does Ron have it?"

"Yes, but you'll have to wait. I've cut the timing a little close and the ceremony is about to start."

Amelia called the two to the Dias that had been erected in the ballroom. After everyone was in place, the ceremony began. Amelia asked Harry and Susan to join both hands in a cross, right hand to right and left to left. She asked the pair if they truly loved each other and would honour and protect the other.

Harry and Susan looked deeply into the others eyes and after a second replied "I do and will."

Placing a special silver ribbon over the joined hands of Harry and Susan, she incanted a long set of Latin words, that Harry and Susan barely understood. As she finished, the silver ribbon glowed strongly for a moment and vanished.

"The rings, please," Amelia requested.

Ron handed Harry Susan's ring and Hannah gave Susan Harry's ring.

"Before you place the rings of each other's fingers, please place this ribbon through the rings." Amelia produced a gold ribbon with runes marked on it.

After Harry and Susan complied, Amelia guided their hands in placing the rings on each others fingers. As the rings were fitted, the golden ribbon vanished and a soft glow appeared around their hands. As the rings adjusted to their fingers, they bound themselves to the rings already there. The bond rings shone brightly for a second and accepted the new rings.

"As presiding minister," Amelia spoke, "I now pronounce you Husband and Wife. This marriage will endure through life until death. You may kiss the bride."

Harry needed no urging and gathered Susan in his arms and kissed her thoroughly.

Addressing the small crowd, she smiled and said, "I present to you Mr. and Mrs. Potter-Black."

The crowd cheered and the happy couple and the party began. Hermione was first to greet them, admiring the unique wedding rings. Harry explained to Susan and Hermione, the significance of the Black Spinel stone. "It is keyed to Gringotts as a portkey and is an added protection. According to Griphook, it can sense sadness and will alert the other."

.....

As the evening progressed, Harry and Susan danced and talked to all their friends. The twins were very curious about the black stones in the rings, as they had never heard of that gem. The gems exhibited an inner fire that was almost mesmerizing. Once or twice, Harry caught a sort of glazed look on anyone that looked at it too long. At that point, he cautioned Susan to be careful not to let anyone stare at it too long. Susan, Harry and Hermione weren't affected, but apparently everyone else might be. Hermione determined to research this further.

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Their wedding night was a dream come true for Susan. Harry was very attentive when he carried her across the threshold of their bedroom from the ballroom. Undressing her, he ravaged her with soft kisses, until she moaned in ecstasy. Moving to the bed, Susan took control, wanting him inside her now! As she practically ripped his clothes off, Harry became fully aroused. Their heated bodies crashed together, joining in wanton need. Susan wrapped her legs around Harry's waist, drawing him to her. Her lips were feverishly all over him. Bucking her hips, she sought his manhood, her hands guiding him into her. As he stroked her, she met him in an almost animalistic way, their hips flashing faster and faster.

"Harry, let's make it last as long as possible," she whispered. She sensed that he was close and eased off, wanting to prolong their lovemaking. As they resumed their rhythm, she brought Harry close to the edge many times over the next two hours until they could stand it no longer and climaxed together in a huge orgasm. Harry emptied a long hot thick stream of his seed into her, pulsing over and over. Her inner muscles clamped him tightly, milking him. He hardened again almost immediately and they resumed at a slower pace until the pleasure overtook them again and their bodies furiously pumped until they tipped over the edge again.

They finally lay back, exhausted to rest, until they both recovered, only to repeat the process again and again throughout the night. The two lovers were not seen again until mid-day of the third day. Dobby had brought them food and refreshment.

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They returned to Hogwarts early Monday morning in time for classes. Susan was still a bit sore from their lovemaking but Hermione was ready to resume where they left off. She smirked as Harry gave her a worried look, knowing that his two wives could more than wear him out and would take every opportunity to do so. He wondered if he would even last the rest of the year, with two insatiable witches. He loved them dearly, but mercy, they would be the death of him.

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Chapter 19: Training

After the Christmas break, things settled back to normal, well as normal as could be expected with the school now hosting a married trio. People were getting used to seeing Harry escorting his wives to classes and stayed well clear, as he was very protective towards them.

One morning Susan awoke with an idea and discussed it with Harry and Hermione.

"Harry, remember the lessons we had in France with the Delacour's?"

"The archery and sword dueling?"

"Yes. I was thinking it might be a useful skill to learn for the school. After all, they teach it at Beaubatons."

"Um, Susan, we do use wands, you know. How is this going to help, when a curse can be sent... Oh, wait, I think I can see where you're going with this. Arrows can be aimed more accurately than curses and could be effective at longer distances. Swords? Hmm, maybe a disillusioned sword for close fighting."

"Exactly. What do you think Hermione?"

"What a great idea. In the book, 'Lord of the Rings', charmed arrows were very effective and I bet a disillusioned sword would catch people unawares."

"I'll ask the Headmaster if he can set up a class for this type of fighting. We'll need every advantage we can get when Death Eaters strike. Maybe even Voldemort would be unprepared for this."

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At the end of Breakfast, Harry approached the Headmaster.

"Sir, Susan came up with a good idea that we might be able to use against Death Eaters and perhaps Voldemort himself." Harry then

proceeded to outline their ideas, with Dumbledore slowly nodding his head in agreement.

“What a novel idea. Of course, you still have to train in defensive magic, but I don’t see why we can’t institute a special offensive class in these two more traditional ways of fighting. Professor Flitwick was an excellent dueler and should be able to help with sword work. Archery, however, I don’t know anyone here that can teach that. Hagrid maybe.”

“What about Fleur Delacour, professor? While Susan and I were in France, Fleur and Gabrielle taught us both. We were there long enough to learn the basics. And, Fleur has finished school and might be available.”

“That’s a good suggestion, Harry, I’ll ask.”

“We’d like as many students from fifth through seventh years as possible to train, sir.”

“Well, you already have a core of students from your last year’s DA to work with. I can suggest to the other students that this be made an optional class for evenings and weekends. You realise that this can’t be made a mandatory class, since it isn’t Ministry approved and I rather think that we don’t want knowledge of this training to be too widely known, especially by Death Eaters.”

“Yes sir. Beaubatons Academy already teaches these skills, so perhaps by next year they can be incorporated into the regular classes. Even the youngest students could be useful in other ways, such as supplying arrows to archers in a fight.”

“I’ll approach the Ministry and school governors over the summer for the best way to introduce these. Twenty points to Gryffindor and Hufflepuff for the excellent suggestion, Harry. My complements to Susan.”

.....

A week later, the Headmaster informed the students of the new activity. Classes would be held on a volunteer basis on the weekends and an hour on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Fleur was hired to become Archery instructor, Filius charmed arrows and swords, Snape provided poisons for the arrows.

Filius was happy to teach dueling with swords. Albus approached Remus and Tonks to teach advanced dueling to Harry, Susan and Hermione. Once Tonks cleared it with the ministry, She accepted and the training began.

All the DA were enlisted to do physical strength training... running and exercise. There was some grumbling at this, since a few were a bit out of shape, but Harry quickly showed them that dueling, even magical dueling needed endurance if one was to survive.

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The first week of training, the trio were the only ones still on their feet at the end of the exercise program. The rest of the DA sat slumped on the floor in the Room of Requirement, trying vainly to catch their breath. Even Harry, Susan and Hermione were out of breath. Hermione, used to muggle exercise when she went to muggle school, was still only just keeping up to Harry. Susan faired the worst, since she had only the past summer to get any exercise.

As the weeks progressed, the students slowly built up their endurance. Most could run a kilometer now, although there were still a few "fatties" that lagged behind. Not surprisingly, the girls did better than the boys, except for those that played Quidditch. Most of the Slytherins declined to take part. Exceptions were Daphne Greengrass and Tracy Davis. Both girls were highly competitive and relished the chance to stay in top shape. Draco sneered at them and thought the idea ridiculous.

The archery class, initially only drew five other students: Seamus, Dean, Neville, Ron and Luna. Within a week though, five more joined and by the end of February, there were thirty students. It seemed, no one wanted to be left behind and Fleur was hard pressed to keep an

eye on all the students. Harry and Susan, having been trained by Fleur, helped the newer students.

When Ginny saw that Neville and Luna were training together, she decided she would join the group, not wanting Luna to have Neville to herself. Ginny was quickly learning and prodded Neville and Luna to compete against each other in archery. Luna, despite the dreamy persona she projected, was a quick study and regularly outshot everyone except Susan, who also seemed to have an amazing ability to accurately place arrows exactly where she wanted them.

After the students had gained some proficiency at archery, Professor Flitwick slowly integrated charmed arrows to the best students. As the slower students improved, they were given charmed arrows as well. By late March, all the students could hit targets accurately enough to form a formidable defence force. Flitwick's arrows could pierce most defensive shields, with only the strongest shields able to deflect them. Snape had the seventh year students prepare a lethal poison that the arrows could be dipped in, but withheld it until needed. They wanted no accidents to mar what was quickly becoming a very effective force.

Those not involved in the training were wondering what the purpose of the classes was. Draco ignored the classes as a useless exercise, but wondered if they might be a good mask for an "accident" that he had planned.

.....

By April, Harry, Susan and Hermione were starting to show the strain of the extra classes and regular schoolwork. Remus and Tonks had pushed the trio very hard in the last week and all three collapsed in bed after the last session of the day.

"I swear, Harry," Susan said, "that last hex Tonks threw at us, just about broke my leg."

"You didn't see the one Remus sent at me," Hermione complained. "It smashed through my shield and cut my shoulder. It's a good thing Madam Pomfrey attends these classes. I think I have bruises on top of bruises now."

Harry was quiet, sensing he shouldn't add to their complaints by mentioning that it was he that suggested Remus and Tonks step up the power of the curses. He wanted both girls to feel the power that a real battle could inflict. The pain would be nothing compared to what a Death Eater would hurl at them. Only Hermione and he knew what real pain was. After the Department of Mysteries fiasco, where Hermione had suffered that purple curse from Dolohov that nearly killed her, and Harry had been under the Cruciatus curse more than once, both had a lot of respect for what pain could do.

Susan was yet to be really tested, but he was sure that would soon come and he was afraid for his wives.

.....

One Saturday morning in early May, Hermione was on the archery range, practicing her aim at distant targets. Susan could usually beat her in accuracy over long distances, but Hermione was better with swords. Harry encouraged his wives to compete, in order to hone their skills in the coming war. He knew he couldn't be there to protect them every minute and the rings would only give them basic protection.

As Hermione drew her bow back, she failed to see the tiny bit of liquid on the tip of the arrow. Loosing the arrow, she followed it's path as it swept into the air on a graceful arc to the distant target. Instead of hitting the target, however, the arrow glided well over the target, continuing on, until a scream was heard. Hermione froze. There should have been no one behind the target area.

Harry and Susan were walking well away from the archery practice range, on their way to a meeting with Tonks. Tonks had seen something suspicious and wanted to alert Harry. Without warning, Susan screamed and fell to the ground, an arrow piercing her right shoulder.

Harry immediately picked her up and rushed her to the hospital wing, tears in his eyes. "Susan, hang on! Madam Pomfrey will fix you up in a jiffy." Harry could see that Susan was badly injured. Her face was

grey and she had lost consciousness. The tears were flowing freely now as he rushed into the infirmary. "Madam Pomfrey! He yelled. "Susan's been struck by an arrow!"

At that moment, Hermione rushed into the room, still holding the bow. "H-Harry," she stuttered. "OH NO! I've hit Susan. I don't know what happened Harry. I'd been practicing my aim and..."

Madam Pomfrey rushed into the room and surveyed her newest patient. "Did you try to remove the arrow, Harry? It looks like it might be just a flesh wound."

"No, Madam Pomfrey, I think she's gone into shock, I rushed her here as soon as it happened. The arrows are charmed, but she shouldn't have even been hit. We were well away from the archery range."

Poppy examined the wound, carefully severing the back end of the shaft and pulling the arrow the rest of the way through. She ran a quick diagnostic spell over the wound and gasped as she noted the results. "Harry, this arrow was poisoned! I'll have to find the antidote for the poison."

"B-but that's impossible, Madam Pomfrey." Hermione cried. We aren't allowed to use poisons on the arrows until a real battle. I can't believe the arrow carried that far in any case. There's a magical shield behind the targets to prevent stray arrows from, well, going astray."

"Madam Pomfrey," Harry explained. "The poison we use is safely locked up, so this must not be from our stock; the Headmaster has control over that."

The Mediwitch was furiously running her wand over the wound in an intricate motion. The wound would not close. "The arrow, Potter. Let me see the arrow."

Harry retrieved the two pieces and handed them to the Mediwitch.

Meanwhile, Hermione was crying; at a loss to explain why Susan had been hit. "Harry? You know it was an accident. I would n-never do anything to h-hurt Susan," she sobbed.

"I know, love. Someone has tampered with this arrow. Did you have any more?"

"Oh! Of course, maybe we can determine what the poison is and any other tampering that may have been done to them."

Hermione took one final tear filled look at Susan and rushed back to the archery range.

.....

Malfoy smirked to himself. He had got Harry's mudblood to wound Harry's other wife. With a little luck, she would die before anyone figured out how it happened. 'Just an accident,' he thought. 'Could happen to anyone.' The poison was a bit slow acting, but untraceable and Draco was confident he wouldn't be blamed. He just needed to get the other charmed arrows from the archery room.

Unfortunately, before he could retrieve them, he saw Hermione snatch them up and race back to the castle. 'She can't be allowed to examine them,' he thought. Draco quickly sent a tripping hex at Hermione, followed by a stunner.

Chapter 20: Revenge

Harry felt a change in the magic inside him. Something felt wrong. Suddenly he knew. Hermione! She was in danger! Pulling his magic together, he started to summon her, only to find her already in the ward. She stumbled a bit, caught herself and flung herself at Harry.

“Harry! Somebody tried to hex me,” she blurted out. “I had just picked up the arrows, when my rings flared and two hexes bounced off a shield I didn’t cast.”

“Damn, who did that?” Harry swore. “It’s a good thing those rings gave you the protection they were designed for, love.”

Madam Pomfrey was unable to detect anything from the broken arrow pieces. The magic and the poison had dissipated.

“Madam Bones, here are the rest of the arrows,” Hermione said, handing them to the Mediwitch.

She quickly ran her wand over the arrows, gasping in surprise. “These arrows have a very complex charm on them, as well as a curse. The heads have a poison I’m not familiar with. I’ll have to research this Lord Potter.”

“Madam Pomfrey, since Hermione was able to escape danger, why was Susan not similarly protected? The rings should have prevented the arrow from striking her,” Harry asked.

“These arrows have a very heavy charm and curse on them. They would have penetrated almost any protection the rings could provide.”

.....

Draco saw his hex’s hit a shield and bounce off with a ringing tone. Granger then disappeared soundlessly. “Shit! Now what? Well, at least those arrows can’t be traced back to me, but they’ll know that it was no accident. The Dark Lord will be displeased.” He shuddered at this, knowing that his master would punish him when he next saw him. Draco was definitely not looking forward to that meeting. ‘Well, at

least I took care of Susan,' he thought. 'The poison should slowly kill her and my master assures me that there is no antidote.'

Draco hurried back to his common room, smirking to himself. 'The Mudblood Granger is next.'

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Dumbledore arrived in the hospital ward and was quickly brought up to date.

"Headmaster, who has access to the arrows?" Harry asked.

"Well, they aren't exactly kept in a secure place, so I imagine almost anyone could have tampered with them," the Headmaster replied.

"I propose we secure them and have each arrow checked before releasing any for practice," Harry suggested.

"That's an excellent idea, Harry. Now, more importantly, how is Susan?"

Madam Pomfrey explained that the wound would not close properly and the poison was one with which she was unfamiliar.

"This would be the work of Voldemort then," he replied. "Nasty business; let me try."

Madam Pomfrey made way for the Headmaster and he performed a series of intricate wand motions over the still body of Susan. The wound closed but still leaked a bit. Susan groaned and opened her eyes briefly.

"Harry," she moaned. "It hurts. It feels like a thousand knives in my shoulder."

Harry and Hermione held her hands and squeezed gently, pouring their magic into Susan. At once, they noticed the pain ebb from her face as she relaxed and slipped back into sleep. Their rings glowed brightly, as they continued to hold hands.

Harry had a thought and grabbed Hermione's free hand, forming a triangle of hands between the teens. A Bright flash of golden light passed around the rings, before fading back to normal. Both Harry and Hermione knew they had helped Susan as much as was possible.

The Mediwitch examined Susan again and found no trace of the poison. The wound had completely closed and started to fade. "I think the worst has passed. That was a truly remarkable display, Lord and Lady Potter. I think a couple of days rest should put Lady Black back to sorts."

"Thank you Madam Pomfrey, Headmaster. Please call us Harry, Hermione and Susan. Between us, we've brought Susan back from certain death."

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Susan slept for three days with Harry and Hermione constantly by her side. They would take turns holding her hand with Hermione quietly crying over the near fatal accident.

Harry comforted Hermione, telling her that it wasn't her fault. "Sweetie, whoever sabotaged those arrows was the guilty person. I have my suspicions that Malfoy was involved. We'll have to keep a close eye on him. If I get a hint that it was him, he'll die a painful death."

"Harry, he wouldn't have been able to sabotage the arrows. Those were very complex charms and the poison was an unknown one. Even Dumbledore hasn't been able to figure out what poison was used. Malfoy may have switched the arrows, but Voldemort was the real culprit."

"It doesn't matter! Both will die, I just have to catch Malfoy in the act again and that will... Wait a minute. If he thought that Susan is dead, he might try for you next! I've an idea. Mind, it'll be a bit dangerous, and I'll understand if you don't want to do it."

“Tell me Harry. That ferret has been a thorn in our side long enough. We should tell Dumbledore though. Maybe Pomfrey as well, to keep Susan out of sight.”

“Well I was thinking...”

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Draco was happy. It seemed that Susan was indeed dead. Oh, Dumbledore had kept it quiet, but Susan wasn't seen and she wasn't in the hospital either. She hadn't been sent to St. Mungo's either and Harry and Hermione were looking very sad and dejected. Little did he suspect that Susan was hidden away in their suite and Harry was quietly planning his revenge.

So, Draco started planning Hermione's demise. This would be a bit trickier as Harry was sure to keep a close eye on her now. 'The poison was a good bet, but how to deliver it. Food wouldn't do, as it wasn't accessible. Any tampering would be noticed immediately. A carefully laid trap to separate Hermione from Harry might work, but how to do that?' Draco thought about it for two days before he worked out a plan.

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Meanwhile, Harry and Hermione were practicing with their new swords. Professor Flitwick had presented them with two swords with disillusionment charms and a special cutting charm that would work against shields. The swords were light and strong. Charmed so that only the user could see the blade, they were curved and very sharp.

Filius warned them that they were not to touch the blade edge, as the actual edge was so sharp that it would cut at the slightest touch and the edge could not be seen for the first centimeter. “This is a very dangerous weapon, Harry. The blades are protected against damage and will cut through anything. Magic cannot stop the blade, once swung. Expelliarmus spells will not affect them. They will deflect most curses, but not the killing curse.”

“Will you have another for Susan, sir?”

“Certainly Harry. Since both you and Susan have had practise with swords, I’ll be teaching you advanced defence and offensive dueling with swords. Hermione will have to learn how to handle a sword, starting with the basics. When you three are sufficiently advanced, you will train others. It’s one thing to learn archery, Harry and Hermione, it’s quite another to duel with swords. This is nothing like dueling with wands and is intended for close work, such as in corridors or any tight quarters. A sword against a knife will almost always win, and with these swords, you will have a huge advantage, since your opponent won’t even see them. The swords must be personalised to each of you. No one else will be able to wield your sword. A drop of your blood on the hilt will bond the sword to the owner. You must also name the sword at the same time. This will ensure that the sword will be drawn to you if you accidentally lose it in a fight.”

“Wow, that sounds like very complex magic, Professor. Where did you get these?” Hermione asked.

“These two are specially made, along with a third one for Susan. Don’t ask where they came from, please. No one has handled these three yet, that is, no blood has been drawn to the hilt. They have been in my possession for a long time.” I have one extra that you may want to select a close friend to have. They must be completely trustworthy, however. I would hate to see the sword turned against you three.”

“I have just the person in mind, Professor. Neville Longbottom is our most trusted friend,” Harry replied.

“Excellent, we will start training tomorrow. Make sure Longbottom accompanies you and don’t let anyone else know about these special blades. I know Susan is in seclusion, so I will be teaching her separately in your quarters.”

“Um, professor? How many should we train in sword fighting? I mean, if these are the only swords that are special, how safe will it be to train others,” Hermione asked.

“Oh, all the blades will have protection and disillusionment charms on them, just not everything these blades have.” Those that are not adept at archery; may be better at swords. You will have to decide. I can give you advice, but the selection will be yours. We will not train with these swords, since they are so dangerous, a similar sword will be made available.”

“Thank you Professor, we’ll see you tomorrow,” Harry bade farewell.

“Let’s see how Susan is doing, love,” Harry said. “I can’t wait to show her the swords.”

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Several days later, Harry and Susan were alone in their room. Hermione had gone to her Arithmancy class and Susan had snuggled down in bed with Harry. Harry’s next class was an hour away, so Susan decided to show Harry how much she missed him. The days alone, first in the hospital and then in their room had left her missing him terribly. The nights were the worst, since Harry was exhausted after training with Professor Flitwick in sword work.

“Harry,” Susan purred. “We have a whole hour to ourselves. Come here, husband,” she commanded softly.

Harry turned to his wife and his jaw dropped. Susan had slipped into a sexy black negligee that was so sheer that it was almost transparent. “Susan, I...” He found himself blushing fiercely, his knees turning to rubber and his heart beating madly as he viewed his gorgeous wife. “Wow,” was his last comment as Susan led him to the bed.

Pushing him backwards onto the bed, Susan straddled him, grinding her hips into a very aroused Harry.

“Too many clothes, Harry.” She undid the buttons of his shirt. After removing his shirt, Harry’s shoes and socks were next. Susan loosened the belt of his trousers, working the zipper open and tugging the garment down. His boxers were the hardest to remove, since his fully erect manhood prevented easy removal. Finally, she ripped them

off and resumed her position straddling him, her nether lips rubbing his shaft. She slipped the film black negligee over her head and discarded it on the floor. She leaned forward, her pussy impaling on his cock.

Harry moaned in delight and his breath hitched at the wonderful sight of Susan's firm breasts, inches from his face. He was almost painfully hard as he slipped into her sheath. Susan gasped as he arched against her, slipping further in, starting the rhythm that the two had perfected months ago. In and out, slowly, as the heat of their bodies built.

Susan was in ecstasy as Harry slowly pushed in and out. "Harry," she groaned. "Make it last. I want you inside me as long as possible."

Harry reached up and pulled her down on him, her breasts mashing against his chest. He could feel the hard nipples against his skin and his arms wrapped around her, caressing her back. One hand fisted in her hair and he pulled her into a fierce kiss. He rolled over, bringing Susan with him until she was underneath him.

She wrapped her legs around his thighs, locking them and pulling him closer. Her lips were everywhere on his face, kissing and nipping. Their lips crashed together, tongues flashing, sucking, teasing as their ardor grew. Susan's hips rose and fell in a quickening pace as her back arched with the pleasure Harry was giving her. She was reduced to moans and shrieks as Harry pumped faster and faster.

Realising he wouldn't last long at this pace, Harry slowed down, easing the delicious pressure that was building in his loins. Susan was not to be denied, however and dug her fingers into his bum, eliciting a moan from Harry. He almost came at that, but a will he didn't know he had, staved off the release.

Harry reached down between their bodies and stroked her sensitive clit. She screamed and climaxed, her inner walls clenching in spasms. The spasms went on for almost a minute and she felt another climax start to build.

“Oh gods Harry, more, I want more!” Susan exclaimed. “Don’t stop. Harder, Harry, I need you. Oh, oh, oh,” she gasped as another orgasm claimed her.

“Susan, my beautiful, sweet Susan, slow down.”

“I can’t Harry! It feels too good.”

Harry continued to stroke her and she climaxed twice more in quick succession. She was milking him now, her vaginal muscles drawing him into her, clamping and releasing in a slow rhythm that was driving Harry mad with pleasure. Their hips flashing in the eternal dance of love, Harry found he could no longer hold his orgasm back. Pumping furiously, he finally came, spurting his hot seed into her. His cock continued pulsing as she milked him, crying his name over and over. Her orgasm was intense and as she peaked a golden glow surrounded them.

They finally collapsed together, panting for breath.

“H-Harry, that was...”

“Yeah, it was, wasn’t it.”

.....

Hermione was walking back from her Arithmancy class when Draco appeared in front of her.

“No Harry to protect you, mudblood?” he sneered.

“Get lost, Malfoy, you don’t want to mess with me,” she replied.

Draco suddenly drew a knife and lunged at her. She was taken by surprise and the knife scratched her arm as she reflexively brought it up to protect her. The rings sang with power and Draco was flung twenty feet down the corridor.

Harry had sensed something wrong and had just rounded the corner when he saw Draco fly backward. Growling, he drew his wand and sent a powerful cutting curse at Draco, severing both legs.

Dumbledore, concerned that Harry was late for his class, happened on the scene just as Harry's curse hit Malfoy. "Harry! What have you done?"

Harry was busy tending his wife as Hermione had collapsed almost immediately.

"Harry," she gasped. "It's only a scratch, but it feels like Susan's wound. Thousands of knives, cutting..." Then she lost consciousness.

"Professor, Malfoy attacked my wife! I think his knife was poisoned, the same as the arrows!"

"Quickly, we must get them both to the hospital wing."

The Headmaster quickly sealed Malfoy's legs and levitated him, transporting him to the hospital.

Harry lifted the unconscious Hermione and ran to the hospital as well.

Madam Pomfrey examined both patients and sighed. "I'm afraid Mr. Malfoy will lose the use of his legs, Albus. There is too much damage. I can regrow bones, but both legs are completely destroyed. He'll be lucky to live. If he lives, he'll never walk again.

"I'm afraid that Lady Potter has been poisoned with the same substance that Lady Black was poisoned with. I can do nothing, the poison is faster acting than before and unless Lord Potter and Lady Black can duplicate the cure that the three of them did, then Lady Potter will die within the hour."

"No!" Harry screamed. "She can't die! I'll get Susan!"

Running back to their rooms, Harry found Susan writhing on the floor in agony. Scooping her up, he rushed back to the hospital.

“Susan!” he wailed.

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Chapter 21: Recuperation

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“Susan, what’s wrong? We need you. Susan!” Harry practically screamed.

“H-Harry,” she moaned. “It hurts, like before.”

“How can that be, love? We cured you.”

“No, Harry, I can feel Hermione’s pain. It’s not as intense, but I think the bond is providing the feeling.”

“Oh gods, Susan, I can feel it too! Concentrate Susan. Our bond may be the only thing that is keeping Hermione alive right now. Draco stabbed her with a poisoned knife.”

As they raced back to the hospital ward, Susan and Harry pushed the pain away, concentrating on their bond rings. A weak flare of magic surrounded them, becoming stronger as they continued to concentrate.

Dumbledore was performing his complicated wand movements to stabilize Hermione, but it seemed to have less effect this time. Madam Pomfrey was working feverishly, trying to calm Hermione’s violent movements. She was still unconscious, but the poison was affecting her in strange ways. Her body was fighting with everything she had, the magic wildly flaring, as Harry and Susan joined her.

“Hang on Hermione!” Susan and Harry said together.

Joining hands, the teens concentrated. The six rings glowed white for a minute before shifting colours through the entire visual range. Rainbows of light flowed out of the rings and around the three teens. Hermione gasped once, opened her eyes, and sank back into a deep sleep. Her body stopped twitching and a serene calm settled on her face.

“Don’t let go, Susan, we have to try and drive the poison out of her!” Harry yelled.

Madam Pomfrey ran her wand over Hermione’s body, noting the shifting colours her wand gave out. “Harry, Susan, she’s getting weaker, I think her body is giving up.”

“NO!” they shouted together. “Hermione! Don’t give up!”

“She can’t hear you Harry,” Dumbledore said. “Her body is shutting down, I’m afraid we’ve lost...”

A scream of deafening intensity broke the quiet of the hospital room as the three teens then fell into a coma.

Madam Pomfrey quickly levitated Harry and Susan to lay on each side of Hermione.

Dumbledore, shaken and subdued, quickly ran his wand over the three magical teens. “I don’t believe it! Somehow, they’ve managed to stabilize Hermione. We daren’t awaken them. They are healing her somehow, but it’s draining their magical reserves. All we can do is make them comfortable and hope for the best. It could be hours or days before they wake up.

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Pansy Parkinson was extremely agitated. “Vinny, Greg, have you seen Draco?”

“No Pansy,” Vincent Crabbe answered. “Last we saw of him, he was sneaking over to the corridor by the Arithmancy classroom.”

“We asked him what was up,” Gregory Goyle continued, “but he told us he had a bit of revenge he had to take care of.”

“That stupid boy!” Pansy flared. “If he’s thinking of messing with Potter or his wives, he’ll get himself killed! Potter isn’t taking any shit from anyone this year.”

Blaise Zabini took that moment to interrupt. "Draco's in the hospital wing. He's lost both legs! I saw Potter curse him. They say he might not live. Potter's wives are both there too, all of them are unconscious. What the hell is going on?"

"Draco, you fool!" she hissed. "I warned you! Now you've paid the price. Blaise, have you seen Draco?"

"No, no-one's allowed in. I thought Susan was dead already, but she seems to be just unconscious. Harry and Hermione are lying with her, I saw from the door, before Pomfrey shooed me away."

.....

With four students in her hospital, Madam Pomfrey was busier than usual. Draco, it seemed, would live, but would be wheelchair bound for the rest of his life. That is, if Lord Potter didn't call him out in a duel, or outright kill him. Harry, Susan and Hermione were still in a coma, a week later, but had recently shown small signs of waking. A twitch of the eyelids, a small movement of a hand, was all encouraging signs that they would wake up soon. Then, she would have a most interesting talk with Susan.

They had neutralized the poison in Hermione and she had healed the same as Susan. They were very lucky; Madam Pomfrey had estimated that another few minutes would have been too late to save Hermione, and Merlin knew what that would have done to Harry and Susan.

She had allowed Miss Parkinson in to see Draco. Pansy had wept and cursed at Draco, but held his hand and finally smiled weakly at him. Draco had been horrified to find himself with no legs, and no possibility of re-growing them.

Madam Pomfrey assured him that if it hadn't been for the Headmaster sealing his wounds, he would have bled out in a matter of minutes. "You are lucky to be alive, Mr. Malfoy," she stated. "Lord Potter may still call you to account for what you did to his wives. Oh, yes, we know you tried to kill Susan as well. The poison matched both wounds."

Draco contemplated his existence. If Potter didn't kill him, the Dark Lord surely would. Voldemort didn't forgive failure. Pansy was the only bright spot in a dismal future he had to look forward to. Perhaps a long trip, away from the UK would stave off the inevitable. It would be hard to hide, but with Pansy's help, perhaps...

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A week and a half later, the teens returned to their suite. Harry escorted Susan to her classes and brought Hermione homework that she missed. All three were quickly catching up and spirits rose as the weeks flew by. Harry had taken Hermione to bed, almost as soon as they were released by Madam Pomfrey. An intense lovemaking session ensued, with Hermione unable to walk straight for two days afterward. A goofy grin broke out on her face, every time she thought of that night. Harry had been particularly loving and had brought her to orgasm five or six times that night. She had sensed an aura surround them as she climaxed after a particularly intense coupling. Harry had filled her and they had lain together, exhausted for an hour afterward, Harry still hard inside her.

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Soon after, all three went to Madam Pomfrey for a checkup and after examining the two girls, confirmed her suspicions about Susan. She was pregnant, and it turned out that Hermione was as well.

"You three need to sit down," she told them. "Harry, you're going to be a father." Poppy grinned at the shocked face on the three teens faces.

"W-What?" Harry quaked. "W-Which one is p-pregnant?"

Poppy grinned at his discomfort. "Both, Lord Potter. Lady Black has shown signs for about two weeks now, and Lady Potter for perhaps a few days now."

Hermione, promptly fainted. Susan grinned and squealed with joy.

Harry was in shock. He was going to be a father! A grin slowly spread across his face until he noticed Hermione slumped in her chair. Jumping to his feet, he grabbed her before she fell. Her eyes fluttered open, a tear forming in the corner.

“Oh Harry,” she smiled weakly. I hope you don’t mind...mmfff.” Harry had covered her mouth with his and was kissing her soundly.

Susan, not to be left out, joined in, as kisses were rained down on the two girls.

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Voldemort was in pain, excruciating pain in fact. Pain as he’d never known before. It had started a few weeks ago and had intensified a few days ago. His connection with Potter had allowed him to experience the agony of love. He felt the love Harry had for his two wives and that was painful enough. Then, something had changed, his charmed arrows had partially broken the painful feelings, but only briefly. Draco had failed him. He knew that instantly. One of the wives had survived, impossible as it seemed. A stronger variant had been brewed and given to Draco to finish the job. He briefly enjoyed a respite from the pain, only to have it return with a vengeance. The girls lived! And something else had happened. Through the haze of pain, he managed to summon one of his minions to find out what was happening at the school. This couldn’t continue, the pain was almost unbearable. He could feel his power slowly draining, not knowing exactly why this should be happening.

Days later, with Voldemort almost incoherent with pain, the Death Eater reported that Harry and his wives were expecting children. Both girls were pregnant. Draco was nowhere to be found and it was assumed that he was either dead or on the run. It turns out that Potter had inflicted serious damage to Draco, the Death Eater reported.

“Potter!” Voldemort cursed. The pain was now beyond his ability to control and potions were only just able to alleviate the agony. If this continued, he would be dead within a week. His magic was now only half of what he had before. Summoning his faithful, he decided to end this once and for all.

“Yaxley, I want a full scale assault organised on Hogwarts. Get everyone and gather the werewolves, vampires, giants, trolls and Dementors. We’ll attack in force.

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Chapter 22: War

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Susan wanted to tell her Aunt Amelia right away. Hermione insisted on telling her parents. Dumbledore urged caution, but admitted they had a right to know that the girls were pregnant. Harry was only concerned for the safety of his wives and unborn children.

So, it was decided that since Voldemort probably had found out, keeping it secret would not be an option. In any case, the Daily Prophet had picked up the news and was preparing to splash it on their front page, so the point was moot.

They decided to tell Amelia first...

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"Hi Aunt Amelia," Susan greeted her aunt. "Harry and I have something to tell you," she giggled.

"Hello dears, how is married life?" Amelia asked.

"It's great, Auntie. Harry is so kind and gentle. Um, we... that is I, ah... well, I'm pregnant. We just found out. Hermione is as well."

"That's wonderful Susan, Harry. When are you expecting?"

"Sometime in October, Hermione as well, but I think I'll deliver a couple of weeks before her."

"Ooh, I'll be a Grand Aunt! Congratulations, both of you!"

"Thanks Amelia," Harry said. "I just hope..."

But at that moment, a loud gong sounded in the house.

"The wards! We're being attacked!" Amelia shouted.

Carefully looking outside, Amelia, Susan and Harry counted ten Death Eaters casting spells at the house.

“Susan, do you have your sword with you?” Harry asked, urgently.

“Yes, Harry, do you think we’ll need them?”

“I don’t know, Susan, let’s hope not.”

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Hermione, sitting in her room, waiting for Harry and Susan to return, felt a sudden panic overtake her.

‘They’re in trouble,’ she thought. ‘The rings! Mine is hot. Oh dear! What...?’ And then she was gone.

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Amelia was already sending spells at the masked Death Eaters. One had fallen with a wicked slash across his face, nearly severing his head. Harry and Susan each picked a target and sent powerful bludgeoning spells at them. Three attackers were down before they realised that Amelia was not alone in the house. Cursing, they withdrew a short distance. The wards were being systematically brought down by a group of curse breakers working behind the Death Eaters. Each time a ward was defeated, a loud gong was heard.

“They’re breaking the wards!” Amelia cried in desperation. “When the last ward falls, we’ll have no protection!”

Harry thought hard. What could they do to eliminate the curse breakers?

“Susan, join hands with me and push a blasting hex at that tree to the left of the Death Eater that your Aunt just hit.”

As Harry and Susan joined hands, the power in their rings reinforced their joint spell and the tree was shattered, taking two of the curse breakers with it.

Hermione arrived with a slight pop, taking in the scene. Windows were breaking and a small fire had started. Quickly sighting Harry and Susan, she joined them, firing spells out the shattered window.

“Hermione! What...?” Harry and Susan said in unison.

“I felt the danger and the rings brought me here,” Hermione stated.

The light from their spells was so bright, that several attackers were blinded. The four continued to pour devastating curses at the enemy, until only the curse breakers were left. Seeing that their forces were decimated, the remaining attackers quickly disappeared.

“Aunt Amelia, are you all right?” Susan asked, shakily.

“Whoo, I think so. I think I was cut up a bit, but I’ll live. Help me heal this broken arm, would you dears. I don’t think I can do the spell properly with my left hand. You three were amazing! I’ve never seen such a powerful display of magic.”

Harry, Susan and Hermione joined hands again and pointed their wands at Amelia’s arm. Susan spoke the incantation and a soft glow surrounded her Aunt’s arm, knitting the bones and healing the arm.

“I’ll summon the Aurors to clean up the wounded and dead,” Amelia stated. “Then I’ll have to get a crew in to repair the wards.”

The trio stayed to help Amelia, finally returning to Hogwarts late in the day.

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Meanwhile, Voldemort was in a fury. “I sent a team to eliminate that meddlesome Minister of the DMLE. What happened?”

“M-my Lord, s-she was not alone,” one of the curse breakers answered fearfully. “The Potter boy and both of his wives were there. H-he’s much more p-powerful than we were led to believe, my Lord.”

“Preposterous! He’s just a boy! You incompetent fools! CRUCIO!”

The spell was much weaker than he expected, as the man fell to the floor, moaning. The Dark Lord winced as the feedback from his curse seemed to drain him even more. Finally lifting the curse, he staggered back, retreating to his quarters to collapse on his bed, panting. A throbbing headache started to form and he reached for a potion to ease the pain. This time, the potion had no effect and the pain increased until he let out a scream and collapsed into unconsciousness.

Hours later, he groggily awoke. The headache was still there, but was bearable. ‘Potter!’ he thought. ‘I have to rid myself of that cursed brat!’

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Harry, meanwhile was feeling great, if a little tired. He had just finished making love to his two beautiful wives, driving them crazy with the teasing he gave each of their bodies, before driving them over the edge in multiple orgasms. They had made love for hours, each of them pouring all their love and emotion into their joined bodies. The bedroom fairly shook with the raw power the trio expended. First Susan, then Hermione, then Harry took them both in a threesome that explored all the couplings possible.

Harry was insatiable, each witch driving him to new heights. Susan, the more experienced, had a near continuous orgasm for almost an hour. Hermione, new to the game, couldn’t stop her body from bucking and squirting. Screaming Harry’s name, she finally peaked and fainted, the ecstasy too great for her mind to handle. She continued to twitch as she finally slept.

Susan was game for more and Harry was only too happy to provide. As their love-making continued, Susan took on an aura that even Harry noticed. Multi-coloured and swirling, it engulfed the trio, binding them together. The expanding aura of light infused the room with sparkles that lasted for hours afterwards.

Hermione moaned, deep in sleep, as the aura snapped and twisted wildly around and through their bodies. Her eyes suddenly shot open and she screamed. "Harry! It's too intense. I can hardly breathe!"

Susan was similarly affected. "Harry, stop! She's right, I can't breathe properly..."

And suddenly it was over. The aura expanded and passed out of the room, through the castle walls and dissipated into the countryside.

Panting, their bodies soaked in sweat and the room a shambles from the raw power; they managed to separate and stagger to their feet.

Susan was sore, as was Hermione. Harry could barely walk.

"Wow," Harry exclaimed. "What just happened?"

Hermione, the first to recover her senses, replied, "I think a soul bond formed between us. I caught bits of raw emotion from both of you... I-I think Voldemort might have been affected... I heard screaming and cursing, Harry, and your name hissed, as if in pain."

Harry pondered this new development. "I remember Susan glowing strangely. A weird sort of storm of colour surrounded her and spread to Hermione and me. My whole body felt on fire and I could feel... I don't know... sort of a pulse of power spread out from deep inside me. I think I could feel Voldemort writhing in pain."

Susan just shook her head dazedly. "Mmm, Harry, that was wonderful! I don't know what you two felt, but for me, it felt like I was connected to the very castle itself, radiating power until the power started to consume me. At the end. I pushed the power outward like we did at Aunt Amelia's. Harry, we should be careful. This could be dangerous, if the three of us are connected like this, we could easily kill someone. Look at what we did to the room."

The three looked around at the devastation. Most of the furniture was reduced to kindling. The pictures had fallen to the floor and the portraits had fled to safer places in the castle. A little wizened old

man from one of the portraits, peeked around the edge of his frame and hesitatingly asked, "Is it over? Is it safe to return?"

Harry chuckled, picked up his wand and repaired the damage. "Yes, I think it's safe now."

A cautious knock on the door, followed by the Headmaster calling, "Harry, Susan, Hermione, is everything alright?"

"Yes, Headmaster. Could you give us a few minutes?" Harry replied.

After quickly cleaning up, Harry opened the door to admit a shaken Albus Dumbledore and Minerva McGonagall. Both had hastily thrown on robes over their nightwear.

"Harry, we felt a great shock wave pass through the castle, a few minutes ago. It seemed to originate in your quarters according to my instruments."

"Umm... err... well..." Harry stuttered, blushing.

"Sir," Susan interjected. "We were, um... 'comforting' one another after the fight at my Aunts place. We may have let it get a bit out of hand."

Hermione piped up with a snort. "Comforting? A little out of hand? Susan, lets call it what it really was. We shagged like bunnies for hours! It was so intense that our combined magic finally produced a multi-coloured aura that originated in Susan and quickly spread. I don't think we've ever experienced such a powerful emotion before."

Harry resumed the tale. "It was as if the school itself, responded to our love making, reinforcing and augmenting the raw power that Susan initiated. When we realized what was happening, the power faded. Hermione and I think we heard Voldemort screaming."

"When we looked around the room, it was a shambles, professor," Susan said. "Harry repaired everything, but I don't think there was an unbroken piece of furniture in the place."

Minerva snorted, stifling a grin. "You three haven't seen the rest of the castle! I don't think the portraits have returned to this floor yet. Even the coats of armour are hiding. The dorms are unaffected, strangely enough, but the corridors are a shambles. It'll take the elves most of the morning to straighten things out. Mr. Filch is looking for blood. I'd stay away from him, if I were you."

"Harry," the Headmaster said softly. "From the looks of things, you three have a power that Voldemort is not aware of. I wonder if it's the power that can defeat him."

Susan snickered. "You mean we can kill the bastard by making love? Surely not."

The Headmaster considered this, replying, "I think that might be true, but let's not jump to hasty conclusions. What you told me about the fight at Amelia's, leads me to believe that your power has grown immensely. Please be careful. My spies tell me that Voldemort is planning a major attack soon. This may be the opportunity to finally finish him."

"Sir, I can't expose my wives to him! If anything happened to Susan or Hermione, I don't think I'd want to live."

"Harry, you know that you are the only one that can kill him," Susan reiterated. "We'll be right beside you! You need our power."

Hermione nodded forcefully in agreement. "She's right, Harry. The three of us can... no must, be together to defeat him."

"No! The children must be kept safe," Harry forcefully stated.

"Harry," Susan said softly. "Between us, we have 'The Power He Knows Not'. The children will be safe, Harry. They may even contribute to his defeat. I can feel the magic inside me from the baby."

"I think I can too, Harry," Hermione added.

“NOOOO!” Harry cried in despair, but he knew had lost the argument.
His wives would not be denied.

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Chapter 23: Babies & an End of Year

'When did it happen?' Harry wondered. 'When did they gain so much power over me? I'm putty in their hands. Was it when I first kissed Susan? What about Hermione... she's been on my mind for years. I love them both so much, but the babies... I have to keep them safe! I could lose everything if they die. Arghh!

Harry continued to agonise over how to protect his pregnant wives. He knew they were right in wanting to help defeat Voldemort, but it was hard to resolve that with the need to protect them against harm.

The trip back to Potter Manor to meet with Hermione's parents was weighing on Harry's mind. He knew her parents would be upset to learn they would be grandparents so soon. Jean would be excited but Dan would have to be handled carefully. Fortunately, they seemed to have settled into Potter Manor nicely.

Hermione was practically bouncing on her feet in her impatience to see her parents. "Come on Harry! Susan and I have been ready for hours."

"Okay, I'm almost ready. I've sent Hedwig on ahead to tell them to expect us. Where's Crookshanks?"

"I have him in his cage. He's not too happy about it either." As if in answer, an annoyed merrow echoed down the apartment hall. "Shush Crookshanks, we'll be leaving in a minute."

Susan was with Hermione, ready to floo to the manor, as Harry arrived.

"Ready? Let's go."

Stepping through the floo connection, they arrived at Potter Manor to hugs and greetings from Jean and Dan.

"Hedwig arrived a few minutes ago, telling us you were coming. What's up luvs?" Jean asked.

Hermione answered, "Mum, Dad, we have great news! I'm pregnant! Susan is too."

Both Jean and Dan gasped at the news. Dan's eyes narrowed, as he thought this over.

"I thought you three were going to wait until you graduated," Dan said forcefully, looking not at all happy. There were still too young, in his opinion, to be married, let alone start raising a family.

Harry gulped, dismayed at this reaction. He had been afraid of his Father-in law's reaction.

Jean quickly stepped in, frowning at Dan. "Dears, we're very happy for you, it's just going to take a bit of time for your father to get used to the idea." Jean glared at Dan, who quickly cowered at her death glare.

"Err, uh, y-yes, sweetie, it's just so sudden, that's all. We're very happy for you. When are you expecting?" Secretly, Dan was not happy at this turn of events. His daughter was much too like her mother in her stubbornness, and Jean was happy, so he would have to get used to the idea.

"We're due in October, Mum, Dad," Hermione replied excitedly.

Susan had a dreamy look on her face, telling Hermione's parents that she too was more than pleased.

"Susan dear," Jean started, "You look happy, does your aunt know yet?"

"Oh yes. There was a spot of trouble after we told her. Death Eaters attacked her house while we were there but we managed to repel them. Aunt Amelia had to redo the wards on her house, but we had a lovely visit once things got back to normal. She's just as excited as we are. When my mum and dad were killed, she was left with just me as the last living relative. Now that I'm expecting, she couldn't be happier."

Hermione told her mum that they had only found out about their pregnancy a few days ago when they both had morning sickness. At first they thought it was the flu, but a quick trip to Madam Pomfrey's confirmed they were both pregnant.

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Harry, Susan and Hermione had somehow managed to get through the last few months with no further incidents. Malfoy was gone, but somehow Voldemort still knew what was going on in the castle.

Both girls were showing now. At four months, their hormones had leveled off and they were less irritable and happier now. Harry was relieved. Dealing with two very hormonal wives just about drove him crazy. They still had odd cravings, but the house elves were able to provide these strange combinations of food. Most of it made Harry ill, just to think about it. Pickles and ice cream was somewhat expected, some of the others... Harry shuddered when he thought of chocolate and mustard on pickled pigs feet.

"Harry, hurry up!" Susan chided. "The exams start in an hour and we haven't had breakfast yet!"

"Coming sweetheart," he replied, hurriedly donning his robe.

June had arrived, wet and unseasonably cool. Training had resumed with a vengeance as Harry continued pushing the DA harder and harder. The all knew Voldemort was swiftly rebuilding his forces and Harry wanted everyone prepared for an assault on the castle that he believed would come sooner rather than later.

After the exams, they relaxed for a few days. Susan and Hermione knew they had done well, but Harry was a complete wreck. Between the exams, worrying about Voldemort and protecting his wives, not necessarily in that order, Harry looked the worse for wear.

While the girls had always been receptive in bed, their hormones drove them to insatiable sex episodes. Harry, always up to the challenge, had some of the best sex in his life, usually taking both

girls at once. He was careful not to hurt them, for fear of hurting the babies, but his wives were very demanding, keeping him in bed for extended romps. Finally, Madam Pomfrey had to call a halt to his horny wives, as Harry was slowly weakening under the continual lovemaking.

Voldemort, meanwhile, was in almost continuous agony. Nothing seemed to block the pain he felt every time Harry and his wives went at it.

Harry was unaware of the effect their lovemaking was having on Voldemort, although he did notice their rings pulsing with power more often now. Several times, their rings flashed blindingly, as they peaked in a particularly powerful mutual orgasm. At those times, Voldemort would fall into a coma and could not be revived for hours. Screams could be heard from his chamber daily now.

Finally, As the girls hormones stabilized and they became less demanding, both Harry and Voldemort recovered, although for obviously different reasons.

As Harry and his wives rested at Potter Manor for the summer, Voldemort started to plan his final assault. He knew he couldn't withstand another prolonged assault that Harry and his wives were somehow able to deliver, and he was unable to block. Calling his remaining Death Eaters, he reminded them that by the end of the year they would be making their assault on Hogwarts. He would personally take care of Potter and his wives.

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As the weeks fled by, Harry, Susan and Hermione continued to practice dueling. Susan and Hermione were able to use the hidden swords very effectively against animated dummies in the Room of Requirement. Harry didn't push them too hard, since their advancing pregnancies were beginning to impede their movements. Finally, in early September, Harry was forced to call a halt to their training. Both girls were now well along in their final trimester and would deliver in a few weeks. Harry continued to train the rest of the DA in Archery and the other students started stockpiling the arrows. Snape's potion

classes were turning out the poison to tip the arrows in enough quantity that Harry was confident they would have enough when Voldemort struck.

The spy that had been feeding information to Voldemort turned out to be Blaise Zabini. Susan had been walking near the owlery one evening and discovered him preparing to send an owl and had hexed him. A quick message to Dumbledore had brought the Headmaster running.

A thorough questioning under Veritaserum verified that he had passed information to Voldemort. Fortunately the damage was minimal, since Zabini didn't know all the details and they had kept the training and weapons secret from most of the students. Only the DA, teachers, Harry, Susan and Hermione knew about the training and weapons and only Harry, his wives and Dumbledore knew everything.

Zabini was obliviated and sent home, although Harry dearly wanted to kill him.

Draco and Pansy were discovered hiding in the Muggle world by a Death Eater. After a valiant fight, both were killed. It wasn't pretty when one of the Order found their bodies. They had managed to mortally wound the Death Eater, but not before he had reported to Voldemort.

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October came and the time drew close for Susan and Hermione to deliver. One morning near the end of the month, Harry awoke with the distinct feeling that something was about to happen. Hermione had been most uncomfortable during the night and had tossed and turned, whimpering in her sleep. Susan slept soundly until she sensed Harry was no longer in bed with them.

"Harry?" she called. "What's wrong?" She rolled out of bed and as she stood, her water broke. Gasping, she called, "Harry! It's time!"

Hermione, awake by this time, sat up and immediately felt her water break as well. "Harry! My water broke."

Harry was by their side immediately; worry clearly showing on his face. "I-I..." 'What do I do?' he thought and then remembered the talks Madam Pomfrey had given them. Quickly floo calling Madam Pomfrey, he informed her what had happened.

"Relax Harry, bring them to the hospital wing and we'll prepare them for delivery."

Shaking violently with nerves, Harry managed to get both Susan and Hermione to the hospital where the mediwitch took over.

"Harry, sit down before you fall down!" commanded Poppy. "It'll be some time yet before the babies are born. You can assist me when the time comes, if you wish."

Harry shakily nodded his head, wanting to be there at his children's births.

The hours passed slowly, and just after midnight on October 31st, Susan and Hermione delivered healthy babies. A girl to Susan and a boy to Hermione. Then something extraordinary happened. A second baby started to show in each of his wives. Madam Pomfrey was astounded. They had not shown up on any examinations! Quickly delivering the other two babies, She found that they had developed normally but had been hidden in their mother's bodies in such a way that only one baby was discovered. The heartbeats were identical to their twin. Susan delivered a boy and Hermione a girl this time. A soft golden glow surrounded the four babies.

At that point, Harry fainted!

After Harry was revived and the babies cleaned up, they were presented to their mothers. Susan and Hermione were totally exhausted, but each had broad smiles on their faces as they held their newborns.

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The next morning, word spread quickly about the two sets of twins. Dumbledore suspended classes for the day and a crowd quickly formed outside the hospital doors, eager to catch a glimpse of the newborns. Madam Pomfrey kept the crowd at bay with a stern warning that they were not to be disturbed for the rest of the day.

“You’ll see them soon enough, but Susan and Hermione are exhausted and will need to sleep today. Plus, they’ll have their hands full feeding the babies.”

Harry flooded to Potter Manor, bringing back Jean and Dan. Then he notified Amelia and soon three grandparents were fussing over their children and grandchildren. Harry had a grin plastered on his face for days afterward.

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Voldemort was distinctly unhappy. It seems that with the birth of the children, he was completely incapacitated for a day. He knew he’d have to kill them all soon, before they became too strong. A sense of impending doom hung over his headquarters and he had to Crucio several of his followers to remind them of their duties.

“Christmas,” he hissed. “That’s when we’ll strike.”

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Chapter 24: The Final Battle

Christmas was fast approaching and the children were growing. Names had been particularly difficult to select and it seemed everyone wanted to get in on the naming game. Bets were placed and names were suggested, but Harry and his wives were keeping their own council. Hermione was first to agree to names for her twins. The girl was Lily Jean Potter and the boy was to be James Daniel Potter. Hermione's parents were very pleased with this, as it kept both their parents names carried forward.

Susan took a bit longer, only agreeing with Harry after a lengthy discussion. The boy would be Leyland Sirius Potter-Black and the girl would be Amber Amelia Potter-Black.

As it turned out, Ginny collected bets on Hermione's daughter, Neville collected on Hermione's son, but Hannah Abbot collected on both of Susan's twins. Hannah had known Susan's parents and rightly guessed their names and Sirius would be used.

Now that the babies were born, Susan and Hermione resumed their training and getting their bodies back in shape. The babies were still nursing, and that took time out of their days, but after the initial weeks of bonding, things slowly returned to normal. Four rings for the children were placed on their right hand ring fingers. The rings automatically resized to fit each tiny finger and would grow with the babies.

The golden glow that surrounded the babies, persisted for several weeks as their magical cores developed. This had not been seen before and Madam Pomfrey, consulting with Professor Dumbledore, decided that it was a sign of exceptional magical development. Both boys seemed to be connected somehow as were both girls. Flares of accidental magic started showing up just before Christmas. Toys and other items that caught the babies' eyes would float gently toward them as if magnetized. Harry was amazed. This was much earlier than anyone else had developed. Harry hadn't shown accidental magic until he was almost one and both Hermione and Susan until they were three. Even that was considered early, but the pair of twins at a month and a half was unheard of.

All four had very healthy appetites and rarely cried or fussed. Hermione's mother took over some of the chores of raising the children when Hermione and Susan were training. Jean and Dan had moved into Hogwarts by special permission of the Headmaster and were staying in an apartment beside the Potters. Dobby and Winky were also assigned to help. Of course, Jean and Dan spoiled them rotten, fussing over them and bringing toys.

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Hermione, meanwhile, started researching the rings. Not much was known about the Goblin rings, although Griphook was helpful. After much searching, Griphook revealed that the rings were very ancient, dating from the first Goblin Rebellion. Besides the bonding protection and faithfulness charms, there were strong charms to connect with protections built into Noble House signet and wedding rings. The older the Noble House was, the stronger the protection and binding. In Harry's case, coming from a Most Ancient and Noble House, the protection charms were exceptionally strong. Power would flow from these three rings to the wedding rings as well as the children's rings when needed. Magic could be channeled through one or all the rings.

Hermione was startled when Griphook told her of this. This was a way to defeat Voldemort, if they could find the trigger to power the rings.

The answer lay in the Potter wedding rings, it seemed. The Potter library had a book on Potter protection magic. Hermione spent several days familiarizing herself with the many obscure charms and protections built into the rings. Smiling, she finally closed the book and returned to the castle. She had found the perfect way to rid the world of Voldemort.

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The day before Christmas, Voldemort struck. He had gathered his forces and marched to the gates of Hogwarts.

Outside the castle, the wards that kept Hogwarts safe were crumbling. Voldemort had seven curse breakers working on a single weak spot near the main gates. A loud clanging could be heard throughout the castle, signaling the attack on the wards.

Dumbledore was worried. Never before had a concerted attempt been made on the wards. Apparently, Voldemort was also involved as the wards were starting to collapse much sooner than the Headmaster would have thought possible.

The younger students were quickly evacuated by floo to an undisclosed destination. Albus had prepared for this eventuality some years ago, and he had prepared well. Albus well knew that Harry was destined to meet Riddle in this final battle, but he only hoped that Harry was trained well enough.

A glance out the window gave him pause. There must have been several hundred Death Eaters ready to swarm through the first breach in the wards. Voldemort could be seen concentrating his magic on a single spot at the gates. Suddenly, with a screech, the gates gave way in a flare of brilliant red light.

"He's through," Dumbledore whispered. "Merlin help us."

Albus knew he would not be able to stop this assault. There were too many.

As the dark wizards stormed through the gates, a hail of arrows met them. Startled, the wizards paused as a dozen of their ranks fell, arrows piercing their bodies. They quickly died as the effects of the quick acting poison hit their systems. Another volley of magical arrows caught thirty more Death Eaters. The Death Eaters milled about in confusion seeing their shields useless against a foe they were unprepared for.

"Fools!" roared Voldemort. "Kill them all!"

"B-but My Lord," stuttered a Death Eater, "we can't even see them!"

The archers remained hidden behind castle battlements, safely distant from spell fire. Harry's plan had worked to perfection. While the DA kept pouring magical arrows on the enemy, Harry, Susan and Hermione were working their way carefully through the Forbidden Forest to a point just opposite the main gates. The gates were still some distance away and the trio had to remain hidden until the last minute.

"Susan, Hermione," Harry whispered. "We have to get close enough to Riddle to be effective."

Susan replied, "I think I see a way, Harry. Our archers have sown confusion in their ranks and they've made a mistake. Their back is entirely unprotected. If we can sneak around them, we should be able to catch him by surprise."

"Harry," Hermione whispered. "This path looks like it might lead back behind him and come out right at the gates."

"Is there enough cover, sweethearts?"

"Hmm, it'll be a bit dicey, but... yes! I see a way," Susan agreed.

Carefully they crept from tree to tree, worming their way closer. Sometimes they had to crawl, other times they would sprint to the next cover.

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Amelia had received a floo call from the Headmaster calling to help. The Auror ranks were understaffed due to Fudge's mismanagement of resources, but she was able to gather a force of twenty, with a further group of ten volunteers from the Ministry. All were quickly made aware of the situation and disappeared to Hogsmeade, where they quickly made their way to Hogwarts. Mad Eye Moody let the team, with Amelia in overall command.

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As Harry and his wives stopped at the last bit of cover, they saw that the gates had been breached. Spell fire could be seen in the distance as they approached the main gates. Dead wizards could be seen everywhere inside the grounds.

“Where’s Voldemort?” Hermione asked.

“There!” Susan pointed, as a tall snakelike figure appeared at the edge of Hagrid’s hut.

Hagrid was nowhere to be seen, although a trail of broken bodies led from his hut towards the castle.

“I think we’re close enough, Harry.” Hermione declared. “Can you feel anything?”

“My scar is burning, we’ll have to do this quickly!”

“Okay, you both know the plan, let’s hope the children can add their magic to ours,” Hermione prayed.

Joining hands, they quickly brought their bodies close so that the three rings touched.

“Concentrate, girls!” Harry commanded, as a brief flare of magic started.

“Think of our love and the children,” Susan reminded them.

As they poured their love into the rings, an amazing sight appeared to any who happened to look their way. A golden glow formed around the trio, growing larger by the second, with tendrils of wild magic spiraling outward in all directions. As they continued to concentrate, the magic formed into a directional beam that swept the grounds, consuming all in its path. Death Eaters were falling as the beam passed over them. Some were simply stunned as the beam barely touched them. Others simply ceased to exist as they bore the full force of the beam.

Sweat was forming on the foreheads of the trio as the intense concentration drew on their magic. The beam widened and split, seaking out individual targets as Hermione directed the assault. The book had given her the necessary means to create and direct the beam. It was ancient magic that had been passed, generation to generation of Potters from the very birth of magic.

Voldemort paused and grunted in pain, a deep fear growing inside him. "Potter!" he snarled and hissed in pain. He turned to direct his attack against the trio, throwing every spell he could think of at the source of the beam. That was when the beam hit him, throwing him hard against the wall of Hagrid's hut. Groaning, he picked himself up and attempted to disapparate, only to find he was unable. The pain increased, his mind started to cloud. He shook his head to clear it. That was when the full force of the rings hit him. He was lifted bodily off the ground and slammed headfirst back into Hagrid's hut, shattering the stonework. Bleeding heavily and barely conscious, he was summoned to Harry and his wives.

The trio was ready for him; drawing their hidden swords. As Voldemort stood wavering in front of them, barely able to stand, Harry smiled for the first time.

"Now it ends Tom!"

Susan, Hermione and Harry in unison, swept their swords in a deadly arc through Voldemort's body, severing his head, torso and legs. A final thrust disemboweled him with one sword while another pierced his heart. Voldemort fell, eyes open, startled in death. His magical core, unable to sustain him, collapsed in a blinding light.

When Harry, Susan and Hermione were able to see again, only ash remained where Voldemort once stood.

Far away in several hidden places, soul fragments screeched in pain and fright before dying. Harry had not known of Volemort's Horcruxes, but it didn't matter in the end as the master soul consumed the disparate pieces. The fragment in Harry's scar bled freely, causing Harry to loose consciousness. Hermione and Susan, feeling Harry

black out, held him until he regained consciousness a few minutes later.

“What happened, Harry?” Susan asked, worriedly.

“My scar,” Harry relied weakly. “I felt something change when Tom died.”

“Look Susan,” Hermione pointed at Harry’s scar. “It’s fading.”

Sure enough, Harry’s scar was slowly healing and fading. Soon it had completely disappeared.

.....

The battle on the grounds was quickly ending as Amelia and her force quickly rounded up the surviving Death Eaters. Of the several hundred that had attacked, only thirty or so were still alive. Of the dead, some had been burned beyond recognition, others had been reduced to ash, while the DA had killed more than fifty with their arrows.

Casualties from the defenders were light. Of the dead, Colin Creevey, Cho Chang and Michael Corner were the only ones Harry recognised, Several more were injured, including Ginny and Luna, although they were expected to recover completely. Seamus had a broken arm, Justin, a concussion, Padma lost a finger and her sister Parvati, broke her leg. Bruises and scrapes rounded out the damage to many others, although even some of the Slytherins sported broken bones. Susan’s friend Hannah Abbott escaped injury, as did Ron, Neville and Dean.

Madam Pomfrey was kept busy, tending the wounded. The teachers all survived, except Dumbledore. He was found dead of a heart attack at the bottom of the Astronomy Tower, after having led a charge on Death Eaters trying to sneak in. Twenty-three Death Eaters were littered around him. It seems his magic finally gave out on him and he died mostly of old age.

.....

Harry, Susan and Hermione rushed to their apartment to check on the children and Hermione's parents. Thankfully all were safe and were never in any danger. The children were magically exhausted and were sleeping, having contributed their magic to the battle when the rings called. Seven Potters battled Voldemort that day, four of them without even realising it.

"Hermione, we're alright!" Dan hugged his daughter, who was openly weeping when they arrived. Susan rushed to check on the babies and Harry was close behind. Hermione, after hugging her mum and dad, scooped her twins up in her arms, cuddling them closely. Susan and Harry shared the other twins. The two pair of twins slept on, blissfully unaware of the tears and attention lavished upon them from their parents.

As the school and wizarding world returned to normal, celebrations broke out all over Britain as word spread of Voldemort's final defeat.

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A/N: a short epilogue will follow at some point.

Chapter 25: Epilogue

The days and weeks passed in a blur, following Voldemort's defeat. Ceremonies were held, honouring Harry, Susan and Hermione.

Services were held for the dead and a separate service for Dumbledore. Despite their differences, Harry really missed the old Headmaster. Minerva was appointed the new Headmistress and promptly appointed Flitwick as her deputy.

Life at Hogwarts settled down to a routine. The two sets of twins continued to grow.

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One morning Harry awoke as usual to find Susan in a panic. "Harry, I can't find Leyland and Amber! They aren't in their cribs." At this, she completely broke down, until Harry calmed her.

"Susan, you know we have a connection to the children! We'll just concentrate together and find them. They couldn't have gone anywhere, and nobody can get into the apartment."

Hermione came out shortly, after checking on Lily and James. "Susan, what are Leyland and Amber doing in Lily and James' cribs?"

"What? How did they get in there?" Susan and Harry exclaimed together.

A knock on their door interrupted them. Headmistress McGonagall entered and greeted them.

"Hello Harry, Susan, Hermione. I felt a shock in the wards a few minutes ago. Do you know anything about that?"

Err, I wonder..." Harry started. "Susan's twins seem to have apparated to Hermione's twin's cribs, I think."

Minerva scoffed. "That's not possible, Harry, You can't apparate inside Hogwarts."

"Well, they seemed to have done something, Professor. Susan, Hermione and I were asleep until a few minutes ago and the twins were put to bed separately last night. I think they may be showing early signs of powerful magic. I know the rings have increased their power and perhaps they felt lonely when they woke up. The four children seem to have developed a close bond to each other."

"We'll have to keep an eye on them then." Minerva cautioned. "All kinds of problems could arise. They may even be able to leave the school if this is true."

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As the days went by, little things were noticed that confirmed that the four children were indeed much more powerful than suspected. All were able to walk after six weeks and were able to talk after three months. Apparation was only one of the feats they were able to do. Susan and Hermione were continually chasing them around the apartment as they apparated from room to room. If they didn't want to get caught, they could evade their parents for minutes at a time until they exhausted their magic and fell asleep to recover. Eventually, they could communicate silently with their siblings as well and were quite capable of getting into trouble and hiding.

The Grangers were delighted but a little afraid of their grandchildren. Lily would pop from room to room without warning when Jean and Dan visited.

Amelia was thrilled that Leyland and Amber were developing so fast. When she first saw Leyland apparate, she was shocked. "Good heavens! I don't believe it! When did he learn to do that, Susan?"

"All four of the children can do it Aunt Amelia. We noticed it months ago when they were still in their cribs," Susan replied.

"What? You mean they have control over that? It's not accidental?"

"No," Harry replied. "They have complete control over where they go now."

“And, they sleep in individual beds now, Auntie. They can walk and talk as well.”

Amelia gasped. This was unheard of! “What else can they do, Susan?”

We’re not sure, but they can at least communicate silently. We can hear conversations between the children in their heads. They don’t have complete control over that yet, but I think they soon will,” Susan replied. “It’s a little scary, really.”

Hermione interjected. “My parents are almost afraid of them now. They play tricks on them, but they’re really loving children. I think they’ve inherited the pranking from Harry’s father.

.....

As the years passed, the children grew into their powers. Harry, Susan and Hermione learned to put up with the constant pranking and directed their children into a rigorous learning program. When they graduated finally from Hogwarts, the children were even more powerful than their parents.

Leyland went into curse breaking and joined Bill Weasley at Gringotts. Amber became a healer and eventually replaced Madam Pomfrey at Hogwarts. James became head of Aurors at the Ministry and Lily went on to develop new spells.

Harry, Susan and Hermione lived to be almost two-hundred and all three died within hours of one another. Their children continued the Potter-Black line

END

A/N: Thanks for reading, it’s been fun..